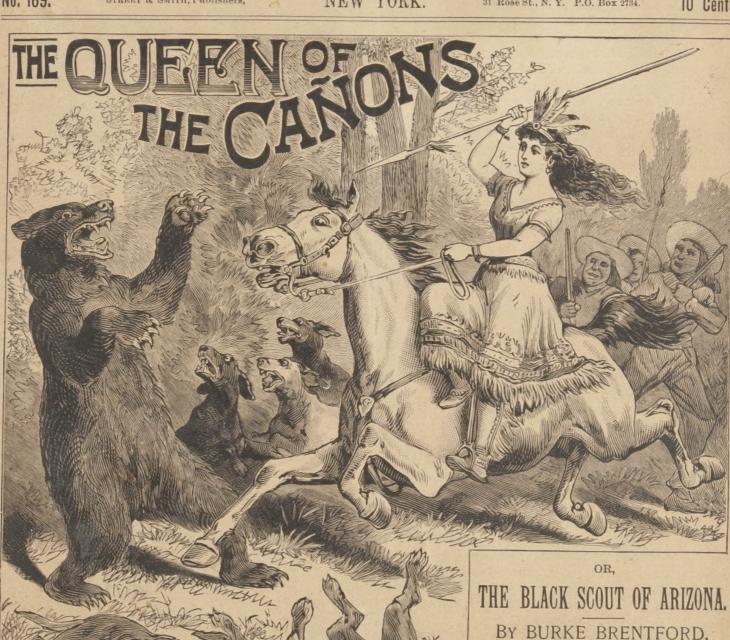
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BY BURKE BRENTFORD.

CHAPTER I.

A DESPERATE ENCOUNTER.

The midday sun was blazing in the firmament, on a sultry August day, as three dusty travelers, mounted on jaded horses, slowly made their way over the tortuous trail leading from

THE FAIR HUNTRESS URGED HER STEED FORWARD WITH A WILD, SHRILL CRY.

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The three horsemen were very dissimilar in appearance. One was a rather handsome young man, of about twentyfive, with a face as swarthy as that of a Mexican, while dark hair and mustache, and piercing black eyes completed his resemblance to the race we have named.

A large-brimmed slouch hat rested carelessly on his well-shaped head; while a red sash that encircled his waist, and sustained a brace of pistols and a bowie-knife, added to the picturesqueness of his appearance.

One of his companions rode by his side, and was a stout, low-browed, forbidding looking rascal, of perhaps forty years of age. He kept up a constant conversation with his employer-for such was their relation to each other, the low-browed fellow being a sort of attendant and confidential companion. He was known throughout the Territories as Brazos Bob, and his manner was a combination of cunning, servility, and ferocity.

The third member of the party rode a little in advance of the other two, and in appearance was the most remarkable. He was an athletic negro, only a little over six feet in height, but so huge of frame that he seemed colossal. His dress was partially that of a hunter combined with that of a stage minstrel. And a grotesque contrast was apparent as the observer's eye noted his deer-skin hunting shirt and leggings, and then rested upon a frilled shirt-front, rather dingy from service, and a huge linen standing collar, with a brilliant red necktie.

Like his two companions, Jingo Josh was well armed. Resting upon his back, sustained by a light leather strap passed over his left shoulder, was a costly banjo, on which instrument Josh was quite an expert. Many and many a tedious hour, amid those lonely wastes, had Josh beguiled the time, and entertained himself and his acquaintances, singing quaint ditties of his own composition, and accompanying the words with the harmonious melody he evoked from his highly prized banjo.

At present he is engaged as guide by Juan Camargo, the young man we have described. At a mining village on the Gila River, which they had left two days before, Brazos Bob had spent the evening in a deep carouse, and was so utterly unfit for service that Juan had lost confidence in him, and engaged Jingo Josh to guide him to his destination, a ranch at the fork of the Rio Virgin and Rio Colorado, occupied by his uncle, who was known in that region by the name of Robert Bounty, the father of a lovely daughter, in whom Juan Camargo had good reason to feel deeply interested.

Since leaving his home in Galveston, Juan Camargo had heard that his fair cousin was somewhat of a belle in the far western region toward which he was journeying, and had many admirers. It did not please him to learn, however, that in one of these admirers-Captain Markham, of the United States Army-he was likely to find, if rumor spoke truly, a rival already well intrenched in the affections of his esteemed cousin.

There was an evil glitter in Juan Camargo's black eyes as he thought of this stranger, whose existence seemed to threaten his happiness.

Juan Camargo and his two attendants had traveled about sixty miles, with occasional rests, after leaving Fort Yuma, when shortly after noon, the cracking of distant rifles caused them to proceed more cautiously.

The shots grew more and more distinct as they pro-

Fort Yuma, in Arizona, toward the famous cañons of the ceeded, and were presently followed by a long and rattling roll,

"De troops am habbin a muss wi' de 'Paches, sho as you lib!" exclaimed Jingo Josh. "An' dere dey am, by gosh!" he continued, as the attainment of a sudden elevation revealed the combatants. "De Ingins am runnin' dis way like smoke, an' we jist better git under cover !"

The troops, about fifty in rumber, could be seen pursuing the Indians over a level plateau, on the same side of the river upon which the travelers were. were evidently panic-stricken, and were flying in every direction, but the main body of them were making for the rocky ridge upon which our little party were posted.

Josh soon found a little natural amphitheater, nearly surrounded by tall, rocky fragments, and within this the three at once sought cover, dismounting and picketing their horses, and holding their weapons ready for instant

"Keep dark, gemmen! Maybe dey won't see us," whispered Josh, crouching on his knees and peering out of one of the rocky crevices, while his companions did the same.

"Caramba!" muttered Camargo, as one of the affrighted horses set up a discordant neighing; "they have already seen us, and are making for this very spot.

"Don't fire till ye see the paint on their mugs," growled Brazos Bob, who had had considerable experience in Indian fighting, and seldom lost his presence of mind in the hour of peril

Upward of forty hideously painted warriors came dashing up from the plateau. Their horses stumbled, and some of them fell as they came upon the flinty, broken bluff, but the riders wildly urged their flight, their faces gray with terror and dismay

Dey am makin' jist for dis same hole!" cried Josh. "Now fire!

His rifle spoke simultaneously, and the foremost of the redskins plunged headlong from his steed, while Camargo and Bob followed with equal effect.

They all had breech-loaders which they loaded and fired as fast as possible, to create the impression that they were more numerous than they actualy were. This succeeded for a moment only. The Indians wavered and halted, making great outcries and excited gesticulations; but they quickly discovered the ruse, and began wheeling around the little party, discharging shot and arrows through the crevices.

The travelers' horses which stood too high to be well protected, were killed almost instantly, and Bob's cheek was grazed by an arrow-head. But the Indians paid dearly for their experiment, and the besieged party kept

on reloading and firing with fatal effect.

"Keep de ball a movin', gemmen!" cried Josh. "De troops'll be on 'em in a jiffy an' we can stan' it long as dey!"

He had hardly spoken before the head of one of the Indians, a number of whom had dismounted, appeared over the rocky rampart.

The next instant it sank from view as the negro's hatchet clove it to the base.

But a moment later the dusky, plumed heads began to swarm above the rocks, and two or three Indians gained the interior, compelling a hand-to-hand fight, at fearful

Camargo, with his revolver in one hand, and his knife in the other, showed the hunter's true grit, in spite of his youth and slight frame, while Josh and Bob contested the ground at every inch.

It was evident that Josh was no stranger to the Indians. As two of them fell dead before his mighty arm, most of the others shrank from his assaults, and devoted themselves to the task of overpowering Camargo and Bob, though the two latter fought with the fury of tigers at

They would all, doubtless, have soon been overcome, however, as, one by one, the enraged redskins dropped over the jagged rocks, with brandished weapons and demoniac yells. But just as they were about to succumb, there came a rattling roll of carbines, mingled with the

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"Courage, mates!" called out a ringing voice from without; and at the same moment half a dozen troopers swung

themselves over the rocks, carbines in hand.

The savages remaining in the inclosure were dispatched morseless slaughter, while dead and wounded Indians lay on every hand.

A dismounted officer, who seemed to be the chief in command of the soldiers, strode up to the rescued party,

and extended his hand to the young senor.

"It seems that we have been just in the nick of time," said he, with a pleasant smile. "Are you seriously

wounded, sir?"

"No, thank you; a mere scratch," replied Camargo, stanching with his handkerchief a slight wound, from which the blood was trickling down his cheek; and in a few hurried words he explained the object of his journey and the manner in which they had been surrounded and attacked by the flying Indians.

"You made a gallant fight at any rate. I think your party must have paid off a dozen of these rascals," said the officer, looking upon the dusky carcasses around him has with much complacency. "And you couldn't have had a combetter man to assist you than my old friend, Jingo Josh,

"Ah, Cap'n Markham!" said Josh, coming forward, and endeavoring to wrap up a cut which he had received on the wrist, while Bob was also slightly wounded; "dis nigga always do de bes' he know how, an' no discount eider."

"Both he and Bob fought nobly," said Camargo, a sudden thrill passing through him, as he heard the young officer addressed by the name which rumor had given

him as that of Bertha Bounty's lover.
"I will order a recall of my men," said Captain Markham; "and then you can accompany me to my camp, about a mile up the river."

Senor Camargo's eyes followed him with sinister curi-

osity as he rode away.

Markham returned presently, accompanied by his ser-eant and several soldiers, the latter driving before geant and several soldiers, the latter driving them a number of horses which had been captured.

"Since your own horses have been killed in our cause, my friends," cried the officer, gayly, "you can take your choice from these. That is a fine brute yonder, Senor Camargo—the dark Pawnee, with her ears slit."

The travelers lost no time in making their selections and transferring their saddles; and shortly afterward the whole party were riding up the river until the military camp was reached.

CHAPTER II.

THE QUEEN OF THE CANONS.

At daybreak on the following day, after spending the night with the soldiers, the travelers continued their journey, and before noon began to pass through numerous flocks and herds belonging to the Bounty estate.

They had entered upon a vast amphitheater of un-paralleled beauty. Its floor was a rolling plain, carpeted with rich verdure, upon which flocks of sheep and herds of horses and cattle were peacefully feeding. Almost at mighty precipices that rose behind it, lay the Red Ranch

of Robert Bounty

They had hardly got fairly upon the green plain, however, before a number of shouts and cries, echoing from one of the deep defiles to the left, caused them to rein in their steeds. Almost at the same moment a huge grizzly bear, sorely wounded, and harassed by dogs, ran lumberingly out of the canon, closely pursued by a huntingparty, the members of which kept firing their guns and cheering on the dogs as they came.

The travelers were in a good position to view the exciting sport, without participating in its peril; but their at-

shrieks and groans of savages and the victorious shouts tention was for the moment entirely engrossed by the principal figure in the hunting-party.

It was that of a young girl of peerless beauty and splendidly robust form, who appeared to lead the rest of the party, with the air of one accustomed to command.

A riding-dress, with short skirt, and half Indian in to a man; and when our travelers found themselves, style, fairly gleamed with bead and feather ornamentashortly afterward, on the open ground, they saw the soldiers pursuing the enemy in every direction, with read advantage, as she managed her steed with superb skill and grace. Her brow and head were bound with a slender fillet of gold, her dark hair being blown loosely out in the wind like a flying cloud. The arm was bare with which she poised aloft a long and slender spear; her lips were parted, her eyes gleaming, and her noble face aglow with the fierce excitement of the chase.

"Caramba, what mountain princess have we here?" muttered Juan Camargo. "Can it be that this peerless

creature is my little Cousin Bertie?"

The wounded monster had turned and reared at bay. Two of the dogs lay mangled and dead at his feet, and

another was writhing in his terrible grasp.

The hunters reined in their steeds and discharged their guns repeatedly at the breast of the bear, but apparently with little effect other than to increase his fury, although blood was streaming from the many wounds he had re-

At length the fair huntress waved her hand as a signal for them to cease firing, and then, bringing her long spear to rest, urged her steed forward, with a wild, shrill cry. Finely trained as he was, the horse hesitated an instant, and then plunged forward like a bolt from a bow-gun.

The bear reared himself high on his haunches and stretched abroad his terribly armed paws with a frightful roar; but the next instant the keen spear smote him in the breast, piercing him through, and he fell over on his side in the agonies of dissolution.

Camargo came riding up in advance of his companions,

hat in hand.

"While congratulating you on your skill and bravery as a huntress, fair lady," said he, gallantly, "let me tender you a thousand thanks for affording me the pleasure of

witnessing your prowess." "There is no great credit in dispatching a brute that was already well-nigh wounded unto helplessness," was the reply, with a coolness which indicated that the speaker cared little, for compliments. "You are traveling north-

ward from Fort Mohave, I suppose?' "Yes; but my destination must be near at hand, if yonder hacienda is that of my uncle, Mr. Robert Bounty.

"What! are you my Cousin Juan, then?"

"I am Juan Camargo, fair one; and is it possible that you are my cousin Bertie, my playmate of old? What! are you not glad to see me again?" Juan added, as she, for a moment, hesitated to take the hand he extended toward her, a look of confusion at the same time suffusing her face and eyes.

"Yes, quite glad, cousin," she presently said, recovering herself, and placing her hand in his; "only it seemed so strange to see you, after so many years, and in this seculded corner of the wilderness. Father has long been expecting you, and will be glad to welcome you at the ranch. Come, let us ride on together."

At last they reached the Rio Virgin and forded it, entering the corral of the ranch, heedless of the ill-clad peons who stood by, agape to see the accession to the meager population of the lonely valley.

The interior of the house was as commodious and handthe extremity of the deep green peninsula formed by the some as any such mud-built, rambling house could be, junction of the rivers, and just out of the shadow of the with its paucity of window and superfluity of wall; but a man of singular nobility of mien stepped forth from the piazza, with which the house was more than half surrounded, and greeted them courteously.

He was bowed with grief or age, but his comely countenance was pleasant and mild as he saluted his daugh-

ter.
"Back so soon, and with a strange cavalier, you flirt!" he exclaimed, assisting his daughter to alight, while Juan Camargo dismounted, and stood expectant, with his hand on the bridle-rein. "You have either missed your game or given it up, Bertie, for you come back early."
"Nay, papa!" cried the young girl, laughing lightly.

"Then you have come at last!" exclaimed the old man, at the same time moving forward and grasping his nephew's hand. "But come into my study at once—oh, yes! I have preserved the vestige of the world even in this remote wilderness, my Juan-and you can talk to me nephew, and himself. while Bertie arranges her dress.'

of my life.

hesitating.

"I cannot conceive, uncle, unless it is the news I brought her, that Captain Markham's troops had whipped the Indians, and that their commander had escaped un-

"Oh!" said the frontiersman; and a shade of displeasure crossed his face, as Bertie disappeared.

CHAPTER III.

JOSH RECOGNIZES AN OLD FRIEND.

"Well, uncle," said Juan Camargo, after he and Mr. Bounty had chatted together for some time, beside a table well supplied with fruits and wine. "Have you made up your mind never again to return to the world? Are you ever to remain in this wild and remote spot, beautiful as

it is?"

"Yes, Juan," said the old man, shaking his head, sadly.

"You know I came here quite heart-broken; but I am contented now. And what better lot could I have? 'I am monarch of all I survey,' as Cowper has it. There is no lovelier and more secluded retreat in the world than this of mine. My life is simply patriorchal. My people reof mine. My life is simply patriarchal. My people respect me and serve me willingly. Even the red men are mostly my friends. My flocks and herds are uncounted in the valleys and on the slopes. And have I not my daughter—my heautiful rediant girl who will never daughter-my beautiful, radiant girl, who will never

Louisiana, you were once so rich and powerful.

"True, but in you native State, ard in Texas as well as ouisiana, you were once so rich and powerful."

"Yes, and simply because I wished to remain neutral uring the war, I was plundered by both parties, the Concarates as well as the Unionists, until nearly everything cas gone. Then my wife died, and her death was speedily ollowed by those of your father, and your mother, my ollowed by those of your father, and your mother, my what I could to lead aroun' trough de flowers on de ole plantaton?" during the war, I was plundered by both parties, the Confederates as well as the Unionists, until nearly everything was gone. followed by those of your father, and your mother, my beloved sister. I was broken down. With what I could rescue from the wreck of my fortune, I purchased this tract, and migrated here, with my child, changing even my name, so that none might know of my retreat. Yet, here said I have found contentment."

The very same, Josh, though she is far older and far bolder than the timid little fairy who used to toddle about the verandas under your guidance."

At this moment the young lady referred to made her apas I have said, I have found contentment.

"Yet, uncle, if your former position and estates should

be restored to you, would you not return to them?"
"Willingly! eagerly!" exclaimed the old gentleman, looking up quickly. "Do you mean to say there is any looking up quickly. hope of that, Juan?"

Alas! no, sir," replied the young man, sadly. plantations are all in the hands of strangers, so far as I know. I, myself, have just managed to save enough of my patrimony to yield me a meager income, besides a few thousands which I brought with me, thinking that I might invest it as you have done; at any rate, that it might enable me to live near the only ones dear to me on earth—yourself, my honored uncle, and Bertie, for whom my childish fondness has grown into passionate devotion."

Mr. Bounty knit his brows, but made no immediate re-

It had been the original intention of Juan Camargo to inform his uncle of the real state of his affairs; to gladden his aged heart with the announcement that not only had and cleared the adobe wall of the court-yard-about his estate-including sugar and cotton plantations, as well as valuable real estate in New Orleans and Galveston— hand or foot. He then reappeared, like a bird on the never been actually confiscated, but that it was fully re- wing, and whirling his banjo over his head, but this time stored to him, and was even at that moment held in his instead of clearing the wall, perches himself on its sumname by those who had formerly been his agents but the name by those who had formerly been his agents, but who mit in a most comical attitude.

knew not how to communicate with him on account of his Yah, yah, white folks: you see dis niggah habn't lost having changed his name. Had he, even at long inter- none of de bar's grease 'lasticity ob de ole times!" he

"I have not only killed my game, but caught a caballero vals, received newspapers—which he excluded from his at the same time. This is my cousin, Juan Camargo." advertismeents would have apprised him of this; but he thus remained in ignorance, buried from the outside world so completely that probably his real name was un-known to any one in Arizona except his daughter, his

As I have said, it had been the original intention of "My beloved uncle! this is one of the sweetest moments Juan to enlighten his uncle upon these all-important points; but when he found that he was, in all probability, "Glad to hear it. Come in, then, and make it jovial to have a dangerous rival in the person of the young army with the best I have got," said Mr. Bounty. "But what is the matter with pussy here, that she is so smiling?" he added, turning to his daughter, who stood at the threshold sion was concerned-perhaps far more so; and he would stand a better chance as the apparently disinterested suitor of the daughter of a broken, moody, misanthropic, and disappointed man, than as a needy lover of one of the richest and most beautiful heiresses in America. So Juan prudently kept his secret.

Presently the uncle and nephew arose from the table, and as they strolled out on the piazza, Jingo Josh was seen in the corral playing his banjo and singing to a group

of admiring peons of both sexes, young and old.

In spite of the applause of his rude hearers at the conclusion of his song, Josh suddenly stopped, and seemed riveted to the spot with astonishment as he gazed at Mr. Bounty.

Then, flinging aside his instrument, he rushed forward, and seizing the gentleman's hand, kissed it delightedly while great tears rolled down his grotesque face.

"Oh, massa! my good ole massa! don't you recomember your Josh?" he exclaimed. "Am it possible dat you am de gemman dey calls Massa Bounty? Oh, gorry me! ain't I glad to see de ole massa again! Oh, de joy ob dis 'casion 'll bust my heart, sho!"

Mr. Bounty was almost equally affected.

"Why, Josh, my old servant and friend, can it be possible?" he said, willingly leaving his hand in the dusky palms that grasped it. "I thought you dead long ago, my palms that grasped it.

"Nary time, massa. I was only a leetle cuss when you sot me free, an' I wandered out into de wilderness,

At this moment the young lady referred to made her appearance, and manifested unaffected pleasure at having the negro's identity with the humble protector of her infancy made known to her, much to the delight of Jingo

"Your now as he am found you once agin," he cried, joyously.
"An' I hab 'sperience now, massa," he added, his ough of grotesque face glowing with pardonable pride. "Dah's nebber a coon on de plains, white or black, red or yaller, that I as him lay ober ale Josh at huntin' scalpin', fightin', or as kin lay ober ole Josh at huntin', scalpin', fightin', or yankin' de hide off ob a grizzly. Yah. yah! dis coon, while he hab been growin'. hab growed all ober."

"I have no doubt that you have made the best use of your time, Josh," said Mr. Bounty, smiling; "but can you jump as well as you used to? Jumping," he added, turning to Camargo, "was Josh's favorite accomplishment

when he was a slave-boy on my estate.

Josh, in reply, made a short run from where he stood, seven feet in height-at a flying leap, without touching a

Josh's effort was rendered tolerable by the fine voice and inimitably droll manner in which it was sung, and was received with good-natured applause. He disappeared from his perch, with a flourish of his banjo, and

an Indian yell, as soon as he had finished.
"Who would have thought to meet this faithful fellow after so mnay years, my dear?" said Mr. Bounty, turning to his daughter. "I really hope that he will stay with us

now that he has found us out.

Miss Bertie also hoped so, and said as much. Juan hoped nothing of the kind, but held his peace.

CHAPTER IV.

THE LETTER.

When Miss Bertie Bounty had sought the privacy of her chamber, her maid, a pretty, mild-mannered Indian girl, of the Puebla tribe, was waiting to learn the wish of

her mistress.
"I shall want for nothing to-night, Anita," said she.

Then, as the dusky maiden disappeared, without a word, she seated herself at the single window of the room, which looked over the court-yard and the walls beyond, embracing a charming view of canon, and savanna, and

dashing streams, all flooded with lustrous moonlight.

She was about to retire, when she was arrested by seeing a dusky form flit out from the shadow of some trees beyond the adobe wall of the corral, and make a gesture

as though signaling her.

She was sure that the form was none other than that of her father's old servitor, Jingo Josh, and then at once made a sign that she would come to him.

Bertie was as insensible to personal fear as any woman could be, and, moreover, something told her that the negro had something to report concerning her lover.

She hastily changed her evening dress for a hunting costume, which afforded freer action, placed a revolver in her belt, descended the stairs, and glided out of the

Regular guards were posted at intervals around the corral, which explained the reason why Jingo Josh had not leaped the wall-which he might easily have done, considering his extraordinary powers as a jumper-and come directly under her little balcony.

She passed the sentinels-peons and half-breeds-without question, as scarcely any eccentricity on her part would have surprisd them, and went out upon the plain

toward the clump of trees from which Josh had issued.

But she had prudence, if not fear, and advanced cautiously. The negro made his appearance again as she neared the timber, and saluted her with such a superabundance of respect, so many bowings, twistings, and salaams, that it was quite ridiculous, and made her laugh

'Scuse me, Miss Bertie, fur callin' you out," said be "but I knowed dere was a guard inside ob de corral, an as dis coon nebber wants to git no hole pufferate in him alligator hide jist yit, he didn't wenter fur to make de alligator hide jist yit, he didn't wenter fur to make de riffle. I'se got someting fur ye, miss, from the good-lookin' sodjer boy down at de Injin camp. You see, my lubly missus," he explained, as he presented a note, which she eagerly seized, "it was in de early mornin' arter de fight dat de captain comed to me an' gub me dat letter fur you, an' says he, 'Josh, if yu'll only gib dat docyment to de young lady up at de ranch, an' don't say nuttin' to de young Spanish gent—dat's de senor, you know—'bout it, you'll 'tarnally 'blige,' says he. 'Rely on dis niggah fur a casket ob secrecy,' says I. An' dah you am, miss."

"You are a good and faithful fellow," said Bertie, "and

if you remain here, I shall always be your friend."
"Tank you, miss," said Josh, with a grin of satisfaction. "And you can bet dat ole Josh am a goin' to hang 'bout dis ranch till de year ob jubilo. De cap'n looked sort ob pale an' vexed, miss, an' I 'spect dat de little senor hab been sayin' something mighty unpleasant to him."

Bertie again thanked him, and after enjoining further

guffawed. "An' now, white folks, if it amn't in'pro- secrecy, hurried back to the house, Josh disappearing in priate, I don't mind if I gin you a song."

As soon as she reached her room she procured a light and opened the note. It was hastily written in pencil, and read as follows:

"IN CAMP, June-

'DEAR BERTIE :- I cannot describe the anguish I have been suffering

for the past twelve hours.
"We have had a successful fight with the Apaches—of which I need "We have had a successful fight with the Apaches—of which I need say but little, except that we thrashed them well—and the engagement was the novel means of introducing to me a gentleman named Camargo, who is on his way to your father's ranch, and intends quitting our camp this morning to continue his journey.

"He was very talkative, and prattled to me about something which has caused me infinite anxiety and distress.

"Oh, Bertie! he tells me that you have been betrothed to him from childhood, and that he is now on his way to claim you as his wife. He even went into particulars, talking about death-beds, and oaths made between your father and his parents, and all that sort of thing "You never told me anything of this kind! Was it fair?" Lat I do not mean to reproach you.

"Can what he said be true?
"But even if it is, knowing your love for me, I will not believe for a moment that you will consider such a silly betrothal binding.
"And yet, from what he said, he is to have your father's approval and encouragement, and you know that your father is no friend of mine.

"But I can suffer on, and trust in your faith.
"Yours devotedly,

JASPER MARKHAM."

"Poor fellow!" murmured Bertie, as she kassed the letter before putting it away; "you can, indeed, trust in my faith! I now see through the shallowness of this pretty cousin of mine. The idea of his talking to a man he never saw before, about this betrothal, as the calls it!
The idea of his pretending to come here to claim me as if
I were a kid or a sheep! The idea!"
So Miss Bertie went to bed in a very charming state of

CHAPTER V.

FATHER AND DAUGHTER.

When Juan Camargo met his uncle and cousin at breakfast on the following morning, Bertie met him courteously and even kindly, but she evidently mistrusted him, and would not converse except upon the most trival and commonplace topics. She replied to him in monosyllables and seemed to take no interest in him whatever. Shortly afterward he strolled out of the house and corral, and met his henchman, Brazos Bob, who, having

finished his breakfast among the peons, was already in a

state of semi-inebriety.
"So! drunk already?" exclaimed Juan, angrily.

"Yes, senor," was the reply. But I've got a secret fur you, so don't be huffy with the old man."
"What is it?"

"The nigger's a traitor, as I allers told you he'd prove to be. These 'ere black hounds is never to be trusted, and the sooner they is kicked back-

"Caramba! put a bridle on that drunken tongue of yours. What have you to tell me about Jingo Josh?"

"Only this ere—that as I was sneakin' aroun' late last night, tryin' to steal some more pizen, I seed the nigger steal out o' that clump of chaparral thar, an' signal young lady of the ranch, who soon arter come a-glidin'

out to meet him."
"What!" exclaimed Juan, perfectly astonished. Then springing upon Bob, he clutched him by the throat with one hand, while he laid the other upon the pistol in his sash. "You infernal villain!" he cried; "do you dare to

"I ain't insinnerated nothink yit," said Brazos Bob, sulkily, "an' if you'll just take your fist away from my gullet, p'raps you'll find out you're makin' too big a howl

over a very small bag of wool."

"Speak then," said Camargo, releasing him.

"Wall, she comed out to see the nigger, fur the reason, I suppose, that he couldn't cross the corral on account of the guard, an' then he guv her a letter, an' she 'peared to be mighty glad to run back to the house with it. That's

Juan at once divined that the letter must have been

from Markham, and that Josh had acted as his secret messenger. He reflected for a moment, and then said:

"Forgive me for that blow, Bob; and here's half an eagle for you to get some more whisky with. You are right, this Jingo Josh has acted treacherously. But be careful that you do not let him know that you or I suspect him. He is a dangerous man, and we must bide our time to take care of him. In the meantime don't get so drunk that you can't see. You must watch him constantly, and I may have need of your services at any mo-

"All right, senor! Count on me for anything, from do worry me so much, you old dragon!" stealin' a pony to slittin' a wizzand. Like the member Old Mr. Bounty rubbed his head in some confusion, and of Congress in givin' pledges fur my futer, I only needs to refur you to the past."

The ruffian swaggered away toward the huts.

Filled with mortification and jealous rage, Juan's first "I don't believe a word of it," cried Bertie. "But even impu'se was to seek his uncle at once, and acquaint him if he does I can't love him, that's all. Is he so conceited with what he had learned. But he never presented in with that he had learned. But he never permitted impulse to control him for any length of time, and his sober and heart without warning?" second thought convinced him that such would be the very worse plan he could pursue.

Of course he would gain ground with his uncle by doing so, but then he would not fail to excite his fair cousin's scorn and contempt, and he had determined to win her affections if possible. So he smothered his resentment, and strode away to regain his composure by the river-

In the meantime Mr. Bounty was engaged in deep and earnest conversation with his child.

Bertie felt that it was coming as soon as her Cousin Juan had quitted the breakfast-room, and patiently waited for her father to commence.

Mr. Boun ty, who was a very nervous man, and who loved his daughter to idolization, came to the point in a very awkward manner. After referring to her early betrothal to her cousin, he began to extol the character of am to see in this very populous region? "Well, well, be it so, then," replied l

Bertie sat perfectly quiet.

"Now, my dear child," said her parent, in conclusion, "beside the keeping of your faith and my faith in the matter of this contract, you must know that it is the dearest wish of my life that you should marry your Cousin Juan. That he loves you dearly you cannot doubt, and—"

bat this artful argument. "But remember—"
"Yes, I remember that I am to have all the time I choose," cried Bertie, triumphantly dancing out of the room.

CHAPTER VI

'And I do not love him, papa," interrupted his dutiful

daughter.

"But that will come after a while, my dear. Juan is young, handsome, and highly accomplished, and I am

sure he is head over ears in love with you.'

"That may all be, papa, but I do not love him, and I certainly shall never marry him. As for the betrothal, papa," continued Bertie, with animation, "I believe that I was of the highly intelligent and sagely mature age of six years when it was made, and now being nineteen, I take the liberty of changing my mind. If I am your daughter, I am no Turkish slave. Do you suppose, papa, I am to be given away as though I were a pig or a sheep? Why does he come here to disturb me? Why doesn't he marry one of the rich young ladies of whose beauty and brilliancy he says so much? Do you take me for a chat-

prise, for she was not of the melting sort.

"Don't dear me, sir! I am not your dear child. You your attire. don't love me one bit!" sobbed Bertie. "I accept

his temper—a common occurrence with him.

"I suppose," said he, sternly, "that the chief objection you have to your Cousin Juan is that you imagine your-self already in love with that upstart officer down at the fort.

"I will not hear you speak of Captain Markham in that way, papa," exclaimed the girl, flushing. "I am not for the saddle, he found a splendid mustang prepared for ashamed to say that I do love him, and I am proud to him. know that he loves me."

Enough of this madness!" exclaimed Mr. Bounty "That fellow shall never come on my estate again, if I have the power to drive him from it." Bertie turned pale; but she had ruled her father too

long to begin to coax at once.

"Your estate is very wide, papa," said she, with quiet nerve, "and its boundaries are not well defined. I believe I know how to ride a horse, if I should take it into my head to ride to some purpose."

"Do you mean to-say that you will run away from me,
Pertie " avalenced Mr. Pounty quite aghast

Bertie?

ertie?" exclamied Mr. Bounty, quite aghast.
"No, papa. How could you think of such a thing?" cried the beautiful girl, at once sorry for what she had said, and flinging her arms about his neck. "Only you

was perplexed how to proceed.

"I am satisfied that Juan loves you dearly," said he at length.

to suppose that he can come here and win my hand

"No," exclaimed her father, eagerly seizing a way out of his perplexity. "Indeed I let him understand that he must win you, and at your pleasure. You can have all the time you desire, my dear."

"Oh, that is quite a different thing!" said Bertie, glad

to escape so readily.

"Now you are my own dear little girl again!" exclaimed the sire, patting her on the head. "But, of course, you

will remember that Captain Markham-"Is not to be forbidden coming here!" she cried, im-tuously. "Why, do you not see, you dear old fellow," petuously. she added, softening her voice as she saw the frown regathering on his face—"do you not see that if he is compelled to stay away, all of his fellow-officers at Fort Mohave, will sympathize with him, and never come to the ranch again? Are you and Juan all the company I

"Well, well, be it so, then," replied he, unable to combat this artful argument. "But remember—"

CHAPTER VI.

A CHAPTER OF STIRRING EVENTS.

Juan Camargo entered the room, in which Mr. Bounty remained sipping some sour Mexican wine, a few minutes

after Bertie had quitted it.

Although he had not recovered his good humor, he was too shrewd to let any one see that he was out of He hailed his uncle cheerfully, and was about to sorts. remind him of his promise to show him around his estate, when Miss Bertie reappeared at the door. She was on horseback, spear in hand, and looking peerlessly lovely in the romantic hunting costume in which she was first

introduced to the reader.
"A challenge, cousin!" she cried, with a ringing laugh.

'I am off to the mountains for a morning hunt.

"But my horse cannot yet be rested," hesitated Camargo.
"Bah!" said Mr. Bounty. "I have a hundred at your And Bertie burst into tears, much to her father's surise, for she was not of the melting sort.

"But, my dear child—"

"But, my dear chil

on't love me one bit!" sobbed Bertie.

"I accept your challenge with the utmost pleasure, my dear cousin," said Juan. "Will you wait till I run up to

my room?"
"Certainly; but I will take a gallop over the prairie while you are getting ready.

And she dashed away like an Amazonian princess in her fearess pride.

As soon as Juan returned to the piazza, better equipped

"Be discreet and polite with your cousin, my boy," said his uncle, pressing his hand, as he leaped into the saddle. Juan made a sign of assent, and at that moment Bertie

joined him, dashing in through the open gate of the cor-

vigorating exercise.

Are your huntsmen of yesterday to accompany us, fair Dian of the chase?" said Juan as they rode away to-

gether: "Nay, for we will not ride so far. I have taken into my head to have no follower but that grotesque fellow, Jingo Josh, who is waiting for us on the river-bank.

Juan bit his lip to restrain an angry dissent which he

was about to make.

Jingo Josh joined them, well mounted, and with a grin

of pleasure on his sable face.

"Glory hallelujah! but you am de queen ob de canons, Miss Bertie, an' no mistake!" he cried, fairly dazzled by the young equestrienne's bold beauty. "An' I hab de the young equestrienne's bold beauty. highfalutinest news fur you from an old Injun as jest swummed his hoss across de ribber down below dere. Dah's buffaler four miles away ober de furdest ridge.

"Huzzah!" cried the Queen of the Canons, waving her spear over her head and dashing toward the ridge, followed by Juan, with the Black Scout close behind, for he

had picked out a fine horse from the Bounty herd.

As they ascended the ridge, which was neither high nor abrupt, they slackened their pace, in order to reserve the full speed of the horses for the hunt, and rode gayly along, the lady and gentleman chatting merrily, and Jingo Josh lingering a little in the rear, to give vent to his own emotions in rudely improvised song.

But he interrupted himself by a loud halloa of excite-

ment as he reached the summit of the ridge, below which the buffalo were feeding, blackening the green plain here

and there for many acres. "Glorious!" cried Bertie.

"It is, indeed, a noble spectacle," said Camargo. "But it is a pity we did not bring some of your father's men, to secure some of the brutes, after we shall have made carcasses of them."

Yes, it would have been better."

"Suppose, then, while we are charging among them, you send back the negro to summon a force of peons," said Juan, whose hate for Jingo Josh seemed ever on the in-

"No," said Bertie, who caught a glimpse of the poor negro's fallen countenance as he heard this proposition; "he shall enjoy the sport as well as we. Charge, Cousin

Juan-charge

Away they burst, like meteors, down the slope.

It was more than a mile to the edge of the drove, and before they could reach it, the bisons had scented their coming, and the acres of black and burly forms were moving swiftly, rolling and tumbling, to the south-west, like the billows of the sea.

But in a few minutes they were among them, the men with their pistols, and the huntress with her spear, and it seemed almost at the first shock that several of the monsters were groveling, dead or dying, on the pains.

But suddenly one of those accidents occurred to which all hunters are liable, when too reckless, and lost in the

excitement of the chase.

Bertie had just speared a fine cow, and was about to wheel her steed, when she found herself completely hemmed in. Her spear was broken as she made an undaunted thrust at one of her assailants, and she was almost pushed from her saddle by the black-maned humps of the monsters, while her horse grew frantic with terror, and several bulls were rushing upon her, with lowered horns and blood-shot eyes.

his presence of mind.

Hold hard, mistis, an' blaze away with your pistols!" he bawled, encouragingly. "Dis ole coon am alers on han'!

Bertie had well-nigh lost her self-possession, and alas it seemed, when the Black Scout dashed up to the side of a huge bull which formed one side of the bulwark against her safety

ral at full speed, her beautiful face flushed with the in- hump of the animal and plucked her from her saddle, and she was placed before him and out of immediate danger.

But the peril was only for a moment averted. Bertie's horse, so suddenly left without a rider, burst away from his enemies and galloped off, apparently uninjured, over the plain; and the buffaloes, seemingly losing their natural timidity in a desire for revenge, surrounded the other horse, which also began to rear and plunge under his double burden.

"Dah's only one way, mistis," whispered the Black Scout. "Try an' keep de saddle an' manage de hoss alone. Dis coon kin take keer ob hisself."

Before she well comprehended his intention, he had slid

to the ground and put her in his place.
"Dah's a rift in de bufflers, mistis," cried Josh. "Don't

look aroun', but bust right troo " She, indeed, had had no option, for the horse took ad-

vantage of an egress to escape, and sprang through the indicated opening in the herd.

Retaining her seat with some difficulty, on account of the nature of the saddle, she was in a few seconds out of danger, and turned to see what had become of the faithful fellow whose bravery and self-sacrifice had saved her

from such deadly peril. She caught but one glimpse of Jingo Josh, completely surrounded by the infuriated bisons, and expected the next instant to see him disappear under the hoofs. But next instant to see him disappear under the hoofs. the negro's extraordinary qualities as a jumper did not

desert him now.

Suddenly he rose into the air, as though impelled aloft by springs, and cleared the backs of three buffaloes, without brushing a hair of their hides. But before he could quite recover from the shock of alighting, a huge bull charged him, with lowered horns and a bellow of rage.

Jingo Josh, however, was equal to even this emergency.

Evading the charge by a dextrous movement, he regained his feet and effected another leap, landing directly astride

of the animal's back.

Away they galloped over the plains, Josh clinging on, like a gigantic monkey, by a tight grip on the mane; while the rest of the brutes followed the retreating herd, leaving the coast clear. Watching his opportunity, he nimbly slid off at the rear, while his grotesque charger did not take the trouble to turn and see what had become of him.

Josh not only effected his own escape, but fortune having brought him quite near Bertie's runaway steed, now thoroughly tired out, and peacefully nibbling the prairie grass, he secured him, and began leading him leisurely back to his mistress.

Bertie could scarcely realize what had happened, everything had taken place so suddenly; but the first thing that she did recognize was the fidelity and desperate valor of the humble scout who had rescued her, and even saved his own life.

A voice near at hand recalled her, not very agreeably, to an entire consciousness of everything. It was the voice of Juan Camargo.

"Heaven be praised, fair cousin, that you are safe and sound!" he exclaimed, riding up to her side, with a face still hearing traces of excitement and trepidation. "This has well-nigh proved a disastrous hunting excursion."

She turned to him with contemptuous coldness.

"It has, indeed," she replied. "It is truly refreshing to see that you are unhurt.

He knew that the part which he had played, though Juan, who was also partially beset some distance in the unavoidably, perhaps, placed him in no enviable light, rear, uttered a cry of consternation at seeing her situa- and her taunt stung him to the quick.

"I know but little of buffalo hunting," he began; but But Jingo Josh, who was comparatively free, never lost she burst away to pour out her gratitude to Jingo Josh, who now drawing near, replaced her in her own saddle,

so much better suited to her sex.
"Don't mention it, mistis!" he cried, interrupting her scarcely successful efforts to express her thanks, and fairly dancing round her in his extravagant delight. "Dis most resigned herself to her fate, terrible and inevitable old man hab jist got his ole bress chock full ob de glory ob hallelujarum at habin' been ob a triflin' service to de Queen ob de Canons!'

"Trifling service!" repeated Bertie, with a quivering The next instant his brawny arm reached over the lip, while she stooped down and placed her little hand on

"You are a brave and faithful fellow, and I shall his.

like and respect you as long as I live."

"What can be the matter?" cried Juan, galled to the heart, and anxious to change the scene. "The buffalo seem to be changing their course of retreat."

The others noticed the same thing at once, and Jingo

Josh sprang into his saddle.

"Yes," said he, shading his eyes with his hands "dey am veerin' right off to de norf."

"What can be the cause?" asked Bertie, anxiously. After a moment's hesitation, the negro's answer came with startling distinctness:

"Injuns!"

CHAPTER VII.

THE RIVALS.

The ominous word "Injuns!" had barely escaped from the Black Scout's lips, before a band of horsemen, evidently Indians, made their appearance on a ridge about a

mile distant, in pursuit of the buffalo.

"Well, what is the difference?" said Juan, speaking cheerfully; for, to tell the truth, he feared Indians less than he did buffalo. "My uncle is on excellent terms

with nearly all the tribes, is he not?"

"With most of them," replied Bertie; "but he has often suspected that some of the Apaches and Navajos would not scruple to become treacherous to him if they could gain by it. Besides," she added, with increasing anxiety in her tones, "it would be different if we were at the ranch. Friendly or not friendly, I should dread to meet a large band of them so far from home.

"Then we had better push back at once; it can scarcely be more than six miles to the ranch."

Leaving the carcasses of their game, they began to remount the ridge, from whose summit they had first dis-

Jingo Josh advised that they should deviate slightly from their course, in order to skirt a small piece of chaparral, which might afford them some shelter in case

of their being cut off

Camargo angrily dissented. "It is so likely that we will be cut off by Indians more than a mile in our rear and only intent upon following two bands come together with a terrific crash—the the herd!" he sneered.

Only intent upon reaching her father's house as soon as possible, Bertie said nothing, so they pushed straight for-

But they had not got half way up the hill, when they were filled with consternation by the sudden apparition of another and larger band of painted savages coming into view directly before them at the top of the ridge.

They halted at once in the utmost alarm.
"Jingo Josh was right," murmured poor Bertie, who, fatigued from the chase, was perfectly white with nervous anxiety.

The Indians upon beholding them, clustered together,

and seemed to be holding a consultation.

Then one of them left the group and rode toward the

"Just say the word, Cousin Bertie, and I'll kill this fellow as soon as he comes within range," said Juan, putting his hand to his belt. and speaking in a tone of voice

that showed he meant what he said.
"It would be madness!" she exclaimed, and at the same time throwing him a glance that reassured him that her former coldness was caused rather by momentary pique than real distrust in his personal courage. these Indians are Navajos, and as I understand their language quite well, I will act as spokesman—or spokeswoman," she added, with a smile; for, even under these circumstances, her spirits could not be wholly depressed.

party, on pain of death, in case of resistance.

"Go tell your chieftain," said Bertie, with dignity, "that I am the daughter of Mr. Bounty, the white ranchero, whom all the Indians respect and love."

The young warrior shook his plumed head incredu-

lously.

"You are not La Reina de los Canons," said he.

"I am, indeed," she replied. "Go and tell your chieftain so, and he will not hinder us."

The Indian hesitated a moment, and then wheeling his horse, galloped up the slope, while Bertie recited to her companions what had passed between them."
"What do you think will be the result?" inquired her

"I can only hope for the best," she replied, shaking her "These Indians may come from a distance, and head. "These Indians n know little of my father."

"Make ready fur de wust?" cried Jingo Josh, spurring his horse directly in front of his mistress. "Dey is all comin' down onto us like a avalancherum. Dis ole coon 'll die fust, Mistis Bertie!"

He drew his pistol as he spoke, and so did Camargo; for all the Indians, thirty or forty in number, were about to move down toward them.

Bertie was about to scream out that no resistance must be made, when a sudden and unexpected diversion occurred in their favor.

The savages had barely spurred their horses into movement, when a chorus of fierce shouts arrested them.

At the same moment the hunters saw arise from the farther side of the ridge, and about midway between the savages and the chaparral, a band of mounted men, whose appearance thrilled them with joy and hope, for they were clad in the army blue.
"Halleluja! We am saved!" roared Jingo Josh.

As the troopers dashed along the crest of the ridge, the Indians seemed undecided whether to stand or to fly, but at length appeared to make up their minds to fight it out, as they were superior in numbers, and started a fire with rifles and arrows.

The leader of the troopers, hollowing his palms around covered the buffalo, as rapidly as the strength of their his lips, shouted in a clear, ringing voice, which the party jaded steeds would permit. tie's heart to leap joyously

"Make for the chaparral!"

They pushed forward as rapidly as their jaded steeds could move

They had just reached the protecting shelter of the stunted timber, when wheeling their horses, they saw the

It soon became a running fight, the Indians retreating in disorder, and in straggling lines, and the soldiers press-

ing them with persistent fury.

At length the Indians, giving up the last show of resistance, turned tail and fled in the utmost confusion, leaving several of their number unhorsed and prostrate upon the

The troopers pursued them afar, until recalled by the

warning note of the bugle.

As the officer of the victorious band (he who had directed them to the shelter of the chaparral) rode up to the little party so happily rescued, Bertie's heart beat tumultuously, while Juan Camargo grew sick almost to death with inclose between death with jealous hatred.
"Why, it am Cap'n Markham, sho!" cried Jingo Josh.
"Hooray!"

There was a certain diffidence in the young officer's demeanor, and he almost avoided Bertie's grateful glance as

he rode up.

"I thank my stars that my arrival was so opportune,
Miss Bounty," said he. "What could have induced you to
wander so far from home, without a number of your
father's men as an escort?"

"It."

"I know it was very wrong," stammered Bertie. "It

"Captain Markham," interrupted Juan, with difficulty assuming a suave and easy tone of voice, yet imbuing it circumstances, her spirits could not be whony depressed.

The Indian messenger came up. Barring his war-paint, he was a handsome young brave; and speaking in the Navajo tongue, he demanded the instant surrender of the Navajo tongue, he demanded the instant surrender of the Second time you have placed me under obligations to you second time you have placed me under obligations to you second time you have placed me under obligations to you second time you have placed me under obligations to you second time you have placed me under obligations to you second time you have placed me under obligations to you second time you have placed me under obligations to you second time you have placed me under obligations to you second time you have placed me under obligations to you second time you have placed me under obligations to you second time you have placed me under obligations to you second time you have placed me under obligations to you second time you have placed me under obligations to you second time you have placed me under obligations to you second time you have placed me under obligations to you second time you have placed me under obligations to you second time you have placed me under obligations to you second time you have placed me under obligations to you second time you have placed me under obligations to you have placed me under obligat -obligations which I hope some day to be able to repay."

Captain Markham bit his lip and cast a quick, penetrat-

ing glance of inquiry at Bertie, to learn if possible whether

cousin; an eloquent look in reply gave him reassurance strongly as those strong waters.

"Wait a moment, Bertie," said he, as she tried to pass

he conjectured its meaning.

get this," said Bertie, recovering her spirits. "We were having capital sport with the buffalo, only I got hemmed ranch for a quiet walk alone."
in, and was nearly done for. Now, who do you think saved me? None other than Jingo Josh there. And who do you think he used to be? Why, a slave-boy on one of my father's plantations. Oh, I have so much to talk to you about! I do declare—"
"Liston to ment."
"No. Let there be an end of this. I started from the ranch for a quiet walk alone."
"Tell me first," he cried, almost fiercely, "is there any hope for me? Can you never be mine?"
"Of course not, because I cannot love you. You tire and trouble me." "Of course you know, captain, that I never shall for- ment.

"Cousin Juan!" almost screamed the young beauty, her cheek and eyes kindling, "who gave you the right to use

this tone to me? You presume too much, sir! And she gave Markham a chatty account of the hunting expedition, after which, regretting the rudeness with which she had treated Juan—much as he had merited it—

she brought the two together, and said, merrily

"Come, gentlemen, if you are to be my friends, you must be friends with each other. How say you now?"

"With all my heart!" exclaimed Captain Markham, extending his hand with soldierly frankness. "I think I have scarcely an enemy in the world—at least among white men-and I shall esteem it an honor to know a relarive of Miss Bounty.

Juan could do nothing but accept the proffered hand,

which he did with pretended cheerfulness, saying:
"Why should I not rejoice in having the friendship of one who has twice rendered me an estimable service?

"Pray let that drop; it was nothing more than I would have done for any one," said Markham, somewhat impatiently. He then added: "I am glad to know you, sir, for we shall probably see each other frequently for some I have instructions to remain in the vicinity of the Red Ranch for some days, as we have rumors at the fort of a projected hostile movement against it by the Indians.

Juan Camargo grew sick with hate and apprehension

as he heard this.

Bertie was at first delighted, but this was followed by doubt and fear as to how the captain would be received

by her father.

Nevertheless, they all rode out together to meet the soldiers, who were coming in from the pursuit of the savages, more than half of whose number had been sent to the happy hunting grounds.

CHAPTER VIII.

A BATTLE WITH THE INDIANS.

After escorting Bertie and her companions to the ranch, Captain Markham and his command encamped on the river-bank about a quarter of a mile below.

One beautiful moonlight night Miss Bertie was wandering alone on the bank of the river, when she came suddenly upon her cousin.

"In what way has it been my misfortune to offend you of late, Cousin Bertie?" said he, mournfully.

Bertie did not reply, but, with a gentle gesture of deprecation, was about to move on, when he opposed her, cry-

ing, impetuously:
"Then you cast me aside utterly for this fellow, Mark-

ham, I suppose?'

"I know no fellow, Markham, nor any other fellow, if

you please, Cousin Juan," said Bertie, still gently.
"Oh, you understand whom I mean well enough," be sneered.

"If you mean the man who has twice had the honor of

He turned from her, with his face toward the broad, glit- Bounty, anxiously.

or not she sanctioned the authoritative tone used by her tering river, with thoughts seething in his mind as

Juan marked the interchange, and raged inwardly, as him along the little path which wound through the scanty chaparral in which they were standing-"just one mo-

'Listen to me, cousin!" he exclaimed, grasping her by "Cousin," put in Juan, impatiently, "do you forget that the captain has his duties to attend to, and that your mine, you at least shall never be that man's, if I have to have the big death. Do you hear!" hunt him to his death. Do you hear!"

She forcibly cast him from her, and thrust her hand into her breast, with a fierce and menacing gesture.

"Juan Camargo, how dare you?" she cried, with impetuous feeling. "You know my fearless nature; do you then take me for a schoolgirl, to be awed by such threats as yours?"

He saw the mistake he had made, and turned pale and

bit his lip.

"As for your threats against Captain Markham," she continued, mockingy, "fear not that he can take care of himself against such as you. He is a soldier, and meets his foemen face to face, and has no need of hired bravos to do his bloody work.'

His brow darkened, but a new thought seemed to take possession of his mind, as his glance wandered over the

stream.

"Hush! there is danger!" he exclaimed, in a hoarse whisper. 'the river." "Crouch low in the chaparral and look upon

She did so, as well as he; and then they saw canoe after canoe pass silently down the stream, each containing three or four dusky warriors. At the same time, passing swiftly along the opposite shore, came horseman after horseman in single file—there must have been fifty in all.

"Great Heaven! they must be on their way to attack the soldiers' camp," exclaimed Bertie.

"Yes; but they will reach it much sooner than you

"But not before I can tell papa, and alarm the ranch," cried Bertie, breaking away, and fleeing like a deer toward the ranch, which was fortunately close at hand. Camargo remained some moments behind, plunged in

his own dark thoughts.

"There are only thirty of the soldiers," thought he. "They are almost certain to be destroyed, even if the hunters and peons go to their rescue. All will work well. But I must not lurk here; I must appear, at least, to be one of the foremost to save."

He ran to the ranch.

Alarmed by Bertie, the people were already astir, and

Mr. Bounty was giving orders.

"Ha! just in time, my Juan," he cried. "To horse, man! The attack may begin any minute. We can mus-

ter fully forty men here, white and red."
"And one woman too, papa!" cried Bertie, suddenly appearing on the piazza in full hunting costume, pistols in belt, and long spear in hand. "Please to count me in."

"You are mad, my dear; I will not hear of it," said her father, sternly

"Just to look on, papa, you know," pleaded Bertie. "Just think of it. I never saw a real fight close at hand, and it would be almost a sin to miss this one."

Before she could receive an answer there came the ominous rattle of rifle-shots from down below.

"The attack has begun!" exclaimed Camargo, who was already mounted.

A huge, dark figure landed with a flying leap on the

saving your highly precious life, perhaps I do."

"Yes, I mean just him," exclaimed Juan, with difficulty suppressing an oath. "But they were accidents, were they not? I didn't ask him to save my life, did I?"

"Doubtless, however, you would not have had the life to ask such a question if he had not saved it."

"How many do you suppose, Josh?" called out Mr.

if dere is ober a hundred.

"Uncle," said Juan, drawing his uncle aside, "these soldiers are doomed to destruction. As long as you remain in this fortified ranch, double the number of savages cannot drive you out, even it they were hostile to you, which I do not believe. If you go to the assistance of this handful of troops, you will probably meet with destructions. They seemed ever to hang upon the rear, and while still making a show of participation, appeared by no means in earnest. Their action caused her to watch them closely and suspicuously. tion yourself. Better leave them to their fate."

"Juan Camargo," exclaimed the recluse of the Red Ranch, almost for the first time speaking sternly and harshly to him, "I go to the rescue of my country's soldiers. Stay you behind, if you desire it."

"By Heaven, you wrong me!" cried Juan, warmly.

spoke but for your sake and hers."
"How does it look now, Josh?" called out Mr. Bounty. "Dustier'n nebber, massa," replied Josh, from the top of the wall. "Golly! look at de Injuns! Some is crossin' de ribber on hossback.'

There is no time to lose, then," said Mr. Bounty.

It was decided to retain ten men inside the ranch for its defense in case of an emergency, and Mr. Bounty was to remain with these. The remainder of the force—about thirty-five in number, composed of friendly Indians, peons, and a few white hunters, all well mounted and armed-were ordered to move at once to the attack, Jingo Josh being unanimously placed in command, as the most experienced borderer in the band.

Just as they were moving away, a horse and his rider dashed through the gate of the corral and joined them.

It was Bertie.

Her father yelled, and Mrs. Hornett, the housekeeper,

screamed after her to come back.

They caught a last glimpse of her, with her spear flashing and her long hair streaming in the moonlight, and that was all.

"Dear me, what a worriting child! Whatever will become of her?" exclaimed Mrs. Hornett, wringing her

"Well, I hope she can take care of herself," said Mr.

Bounty, though he said it with a heavy heart.

The troops had not been quite taken by surprise. They had surrounded themselves with their horses, most of which had already been killed, and were now making a gallant fight from behind the fallen carcasses.

The Indians were attacking them fiercely, some on horseback, and others, those who had come in boats, on foot. They were about a hundred strong, but many of their dead

and wounded already strewed the ground.

The moonlight made the scene almost as bright as day The beleaguered soldiers set up a shout of hope as the rescuing band came in view; while the mounted Indians prepared to receive a charge.

Bertie, the Queen of the Canons, forgetful of her desire to merely look on, was in the van, meteor-like, with her waving spear, despite Jingo Josh's efforts to keep her

back.

Juan Camargo was somewhat in the rear. Beside him, like his evil and grosser spirit, was Brazos Bob, the bravo. There was evidently an understanding between them, but neither of them spoke a word, even to each other.

"Keep back, Mistis Bertie, keep back for de lub ob Heben!" cried Josh, as the hunters drew their steeds

abreast, two deep, preparatory for the charge.
"Oh, never mind me, Jingo!" cried the Queen of the Canons; "this may be the only chance of the kind I may

ever have, you know."

However, he forced her back into the rear line; and then, with a wild, ringing shout, the hunters charged. firing their rifles and pistols as they closed with the red-

The latter were more poorly armed, most of them having bows and arrows instead of guns, but they were far superior in numbers, and fought bravely, while the other

bloody nature of the fight, withdrew a little to the rear.

But she did not fail to observe the combat with absorb-

ing interest. White and red horsemen seemed mixed up almost in the center of the scene, her Cousin Juan.

"' 'Pears to be 'bout ten t'ousan, but I shouldn't wonder inextricably, though the latter were evidently the nearest to giving way. At this time it was that she noticed the peculiar action of her Cousin Juan and his good man,

Suddenly, Camargo, unaware of this espionage, raised his pistol, and aiming it unmistakably at Jingo Josh, who was in the heart of the fray, with his back turned,

The shot took effect upon the Black Scout's left arm, for he let it fall with a painful gesture, and reeled in his saddle. The next instant, however, he recovered himself, and with the others, pressed on after the savages, who were now in full retreat.

At the same time the Brazos bravo, seemingly imbued with sudden and fiery zeal, spurred among the pursuing party; but Bertie, who had watched everything narrowly, failed not to notice that he was more intent upon nearing Jingo Josh than in increasing the growing panic among the savages.

At last he came within a few paces of the negro, raised his revolver, and fired. A sudden rearing of the negro's horse caused the animal to receive the shot in his head, instead of his rider.

Thus the second attempt at assassination had failed, and Jingo Josh found himself unborsed, but unhurt, with the exception of a smarting flesh wound in the arm, and the state of affairs was such that the attempt on his life could not be renewed; for Bertie was at his side in a moment, while the baffled bravo slunk back to his equally guilty master.

"Are you hurt, Josh?" exclaimed Bertie, with a world

of tenderness.

"Not much, mistis. Only a sort ob flea-scratch in my left arm. Go back, Mistis Bertie, for Heben's sake! Dis am no place fur you."

"Hold your tongue, Josh, and bare your arm at once." She forced him to obey, despite his grimaces of deprecation, and tearing some wampum from the ornamentation of her hunting-dress, stanched his wound, and bound it up as best she could.

"Now wait till I can catch a horse for you, for I see that there are many of them in want of riders," said she; "and while I am gone, Josh' do you be on the lookout, for your enemies are not all Indians."

She dashed away.

The contest between the mounted parties had led them a considerable distance from the beleaguered camp, and the immediate field was now almost deserted, but she soon succeeded in capturing a riderless horse, with which she speedily returned to Jingo Josh.

"Get on as soon as you can, you great good wooly-headed old fellow," said she; "we must recall the pursuers,

and haster back to the soldiers' camp."

"Mistis Bertie," said the Black Scout, regaining his saddle with some difficulty, "count de old man in!"

With others of the horsemen who were returning from the pursuit of the routed foe, the Queen of the Canons and Jingo Josh rode back to the soldiers' camp on the riverbank.

They were just in time.

The remnants of the little band were almost overpowered, and their assailants were pressing in upon them from all sides with hideous yells of triumph.

A charge or two of the mounted men proved sufficient to put them to flight, and most of the savages were cut down in their tracks.

The moon was still at its full, making everything as

bright almost as day.

superior in numbers, and fought bravely, while the other Indians continued their fire upon the soldiers.

Bertie did actually drive her spear through a redskin's body, and then, perhaps appalled by the desperate and bloody nature of the fight, withdrew a little to the

Her fears were by no means mitigated when she saw,

glance with lowered eyes and pallid cheeks

"Caramba! I cannot find the brave fellow anywhere, Bertie," said he.
"Of course you have looked for him well?" she ex-

frantically from her horse. "Jingo Josh" she cried, "come, we must find Markham, alive or dead!"

The Black Scout was at her side at once.

They found Markham's unconscious form behind the

ghastly barricade, almost covered with blood.

"He's dead!" shricked Bertie, flinging herself on her knees at his side. "But, no!" she murmured, as her hand fluttered at his heart; "it beats! Thank Heaven, he lives! Oh, Markham—my love, my life!"

"Leave dia graph for ele. Lean Mistig Bertie," soid the land a request for reinforcements. The letter had a reject.

With the assistance of others, they bore the unconscious a neutenant, so that of the constraint of the conficer out into an open space, Bertie following wringing against another attack.

Bertie, in her happiness did not for some time observe Bertie, in her happiness did not for some time observe banks and giving utterance to low moans.

running stream.

He proved to be seriously but not dangerously wounded in several places, and his left cheek was deeply furrowed

Bertie threw herself upon her knees and clasped her hands in fervent prayer as this result was announced to like

"Thank Heaven, the brave fellow lives!" exclaimed a hollow voice behind her, which caused her to spring to her feet, for it was the voice of Camargo.

"Is it through any effort of yours, Juan,?" she cried,

with a trembling lip.

'What do you mean, cousin?"

"Nothing; only I have watched you from the first."

He shrank away.

They carried Markham, who slowly recovered his senses, to the ranch, where, at Bertie's instance, he was

The rest of the night, and nearly the whole of the following day, were occupied with burying the dead and taking care of the wounded.

For days the Red Ranch, with its contiguous buildings, was a hospital. Robert Bounty, thankful for the danger which he had escaped chiefly through the presence of that little handful of soldiery-for there was not wanting subsequent evidence to prove that the chief object of the attack was the destruction of the ranch and the running off of its vast flocks and herds—did everything in his power.

It startled him out of his selfish misanthropy. hardly permitted himself an hour of rest, but night and day was seen moving almost constantly among the wounded with his box of medicines under his arm; while Mrs. Hornett, who was also somewhat skilled in hurts and not? wounds, took charge of the women and instructed them in bandaging, bathing, and poulticing.

To Captain Markham, of course, on account of his rank, the greatest attention was shown. His wounds were not so severe as numerous; but they occasioned a great loss of blood and he became very feeble, remaining so for many

davs.

But his best remedy was that the girl of his heart was his constant nurse.

But what of Juan?

If there ever was a bad man eaten up by gnawing hate, rage, jealousy, and self-accusations of failure it was he.

He suffered torture. He saw Bertie in daily, hourly, and intimate intercourse with his hated rival—with breaking in upon her, and drawing back from him. the man whose very presence in the ranch was in some measure due to his own treachery, for to tell the truth it was a bullet from Camargo's pistol which had scored that deep wound in the invalid captain's cheek.

He could not even approach his uncle as formerly; for the latter, however he might retain his prejudices, was at present so full of gratitude toward Markham that he would scarcely have listened to any sinister remarks on

the part of his nephew.

He was on foot, had been slightly wounded, and met her his evil thoughts in silence. The only one in the house from whom he could extract sympathy was the English housekeeper, Mrs. Hornett.

That worthy lady still retained the admiration which "Of course you have looked for him well?" she ex-claimed, knowing perfectly whom he meant Heedless of the hideous nature of the scene, she sprang labor in confirming her as his secret friend.

As for Bertie, she was supremely happy. She was almost constantly with her lover, and when fatigue compelled her to give way, her place was usually filled by Anita, her little Mexican waiting-maid.

It is not wonderful that Markham improved rapidly under such treatment and care; but at the end of a week he

"Leave dis work for ole Josh, Mistis Bertie," said the and a request for reinforcements. The latter had arrived negro.

With the assistance of others, they bore the unconscious in the shape of a squad of thirty-five men, commanded by a lieutenant, so that the ranch was pretty well insured

They washed and bathed him with cold water from the that her father's zeal in his invalid guest's welfare began to cool proportionably with his recovery. But so it was. As Mr. Bounty gradually fell under the misanthropic influence which had before controlled him, prejudice returned, gratitude was forgotten, and he began to view his daughter's fondness for Markham with distrust and dis-

And Juan Camargo, whose lack of moral principle was truly wonderful, managed to procure another ally in his

favor.

He made secret love to the little Anita, and won her forhis own.

CHAPTER IX.

LONG SAPLING.

Directly back of the Red Ranch, and on the borders of placed in her own little room, as being the best in the the Rio Virgin, was a little grove of cotton-wood trees, bordered with stunted chaparral of evergreen oaks.

In the evening, soon after the sun had set, Juan paced the river's edge, in this little grove, as if in waiting for some one.

The some one shortly appeared, with springing step, in the person of a very pretty girl, half Indian, half Mexican, picturesquely clad, and with a wonder of passionate beauty in her large black eyes.

This was Anita.

She embraced him with passionate tenderness, and for

a long time they conversed in low and gentle tones.
"Do you love your mistress, Anita?" Camargo at length

The girl's dark eyes rounded with brilliant wonder

Love la senorita, mi amigo!" she replied. "Who does

But, my pretty one, if it should come to the test, which would you love best, she or me?

Ah, senor, why ask me?"

"Ah, senor, why ask me?"
Her vivid color and loving look, as she twined his neck with her pretty brown arms, and strained on tiptoe to bring her pouting, child-like lips to his, were answer enough, and showed how completely she was already his. "Listen, Anita," said Juan, fondling her much as he would have done a pet spaniel, and sitting down with her upon the grassy bank. "The sick soldier, upon whom your mistress bestows such care is my foe, and I would sponer he would not recover." sooner he would not recover.

"Ah!" said Anita, very slowly, as though a light were is because you love the senorita. Is it not so

He drew her back to him very closely and kissed her. "Caramba, no, my baby; I love but you."

He spoke to her long and tenderly, and when they arose, she said

"Yes, my loved Juan, my beautiful caballero, I will do

present so full of gratitude toward Markham that he whatever you wish."

ould scarcely have listened to any sinister remarks on "Here is the powder," said Juan, placing a small vial in her hand. "Empty this in the sick man's drink when so the dark-minded young man could only brood upon you have the opportunity, and he will no longer trouble

me, and you will have won the undying love and gratitude could get her alone in the could get her alone get alone in the could get her alone get alone get alone get her alone get alone ge of your Juan.

She gravely concealed the vial in the folds of her pretty

"I shall do so to-night, when I am to sit with him, senor.

"Do so; and be careful to throw away the empty vial outside of the house. Above all, be secret. There! Good-night."

She turned toward the house, and then came running back to him for another kiss and another embrace, just as a little child would have done.

Oh, my beautiful Juan, how I love you!" "There, there, my angel! Now run along."

He followed her soon afterward, unconscious of a dark figure that lurked behind him like a shadow amid the

He retired to rest that night with much confidence in the success of his murderous scheme, for he had had another interview with Anita, who had assured him that she would keep good faith with him. And then he slept soundly and refreshingly, for the bad can do so when they are thoroughly bad.

Bertie had retired from the sick-chamber, and Anita volved the disagreeable supposition, or rather fact, that had taken her place. Markham rested feverishly upon a lounge near the open window, upon the earthen sill of whom it had been frustrated. which were several vials containing the medicines he was in the habit of taking, and a pitcher of water, with a glass.

It was about nine o'clock when, soon after Anita taking her place at his side, he awoke from a fitful sleep, and asked for a dripk of water.

She had not time to prepare the drug that had been given her by Juan, so she supplied a glass of pure water. After racking his brains in vain with this question, Then, as he sank into another doze, she emptied the Camargo dissipated his pique a little by terrifying Anita, contents of the vial into the glass, filled it with water, and pretending that he was greatly displeased with her and awaited a similar request, throwing the empty vial. But he speedily made friends with her again, as it was as far out of the window as she could.

fell asleep herself.

There was one who had watched her every movement from without the walls of the corral; for, there being a He even affected friendship for Markham, and as the latlight in the room, everything that she did at the window ter rapidly advanced in convalescence, exerted himself to was easily discernible from a considerable distance.

Suddenly the figure of a man—a strange and uncouth figure—bounded over the lofty wall, and landed on the quit the house for his camp. sandy ground of the inclosure with but little sound.

He crouched in the shadow of the wall until assured that he had not been observed by any of the peon senti-nels. Then he began to crawl up the side of the house directly below the window, a feat rather easily accomplished by a strong and active man, owing to the led his horse across the corral, saddled and bridled. crumbling and irregular nature of the wall.

head which at this moment arose above the window ledge, arrested him, and he paused as he saw Jingo Josh apshe would doubtless have imagined it to belong to a traditionally disagreeable personage, and been frightened

out of the few wits she possessed.

But the head only belonged to Jingo Josh. He silently Black Scout greeted his recovery. emptied the glass, refilled it with fresh water, and returned to the ground as he had ascended from it. Another bound and he was outside of the corral

The next morning Juan Camargo awaited the developments of events with feverish impatience. He expected

relapse and was either dead or dying.

But he was by no means gratified. In fact, he was fur to 'scape pizen."

struck dumb with amazement, just before breakfast, by "Poison!" exclaimed the officer, in amazement. "Why, seeing the door of the sick-chamber open, and the invalid man, what can you mean?" himself walking forth, supported by Bertie on one side and Anita on the other.

"Good-morning, Cousin Juan," said Bertie, with a malicious smile, "are you not glad? Captain Markham is so refreshed that he is coming down stairs to breakfast

with us.

Concealing his real feelings as well as he could, Camargo offered his congratulations, which were received with considerable complacency, and at the first opportunity cast a furious look at little Anita, who have reason to believe that she loves her mistress, who cowered beneath it like a stricken insect.

"Perfidious little wretch!" he exclaimed, as soon as he "So she do lub Mistis Bertie, cap'n," said Josh lifting a

known better than to trust you."

Anita threw herself at his feet, and in an agony of earnestness swore by all the saints in her limited calendar

that she had obeyed his instruction to the letter.

"Obeyed them!" he exclaimed; "why that potion I gave you was sufficient to throw twenty men into the slumber of death. I once tried the same stuff on a person

at-however, that's neither here nor there.

Anita could only renew her protestations, and so strongly that he was forced to believe her. She related how she had prepared the poison in the glass of water, and then gone to sleep; how she was awakened by another request for water on the part of the invalid; how she gave him that which she had prepared for him.

"Did he remark nothing peculiar in the taste of the

water?

"No, no, senor; he said, 'Thank you, Anita,' as he always does, and went to sleep again."
"He would certainly have noticed a peculiarity," said Camargo, rather speaking to himself. "The water must have been above an expression of the said of the

have been changed. By whom?"
This reflection was by no means a pleasant one, for it in-

It could not be Bertie. No; had she known cf it, the first impulse of her bold and frank spirit would have prompted her to charge him with it on the spot.

It could not be Mrs. Hornett. No; she never entered the sick-room, and could not have acted as a spy upon Anita. Besides, Mrs. Hornett was his friend.

Who then?

very probable he would require her services in the future, She then resumed her seat and waited, and in waiting and Anita, moreover, knew a little too much already to render it safe to discard her.

Juan put the best face upon the new aspect of affairs. ter rapidly advanced in convalescence, exerted himself to

amuse him as well as Bertie.

But it soon became evident that the young officer must

On the morning that Markham had signified his intention to depart, he and Bertie strolled toward the chaparral on the banks of the river to make their farewells and they were not interfered with.

On their return to the house, one of Markham's soldiers

A few moments later, as, followed by his sergeant, he Had the unprincipled little Anita been awake to see the was about dashing into the ford of the Rio Virgin, a cry proach.

'Thank you again and again, my good fellow," he said, in reply to the exuberant congratulations with which the

"But I is 'bout to ask yer fur a word in privatorium, cap'n," said Josh, with a mysterious look "Certainly."

"Den massa," said Josh, as the sergeant rode out of hearing, "I is gwine fur to tell yer dat it am a queer. every moment to hear that the invalid had undergone a chance as you am sittin' dat hoss at dis ere present momentum, fur dere ain't many ob sick folks as manages

Then to his utter astonishment, Jingo Josh told him in detail about the dastardly attempt to poison him, and how with a it had been frustrated.

Markham was aghast at his narrow escape, and at the same time filled with indignation and alarm at the treachery of Camargo and the little Anita.

"I am not so surprised at anything from that rascally Texan," said he, "for he has a lurking devil in his every lineament; but little Anita—I can scarcely believe it. I

"But she lub de little senor a dused sight more."
"Oh, I understand," said Markham. "Well, at any rate,

my good fellow, I have to thank you for saving my life, and shall not forget the debt.

"You don't hab fur to tank me fur nuttin', cap', fur it

was't more'n a accident on my part, yer see.

"I choose to look at it in a different light, however. Come over to the camp whenever you feel like it, and we'll do our best to treat you well."

"Dat I will, massa!" cried Jingo Josh, grinning with the camp whenever you feel like it, and we'll do our best to treat you well."

Would the camp whenever you feel like it, and we'll do our best to treat you well."

Would the camp whenever you feel like it, and we'll do our best to treat you well."

Would the camp whenever you feel like it, and we'll do our best to treat you well."

Would the camp whenever you feel like it, and we'll do our best to treat you well."

As he returned toward the group of huts, Jingo Josh saw his enemy, Brazos Bob, under an evergreen oak, in an apparently helpless state of inebriety, and Juan standin the Mexican language, with a fair mixture of others nothing.

drunk, and at the very moment when I desire your vil-

lainous services the most?"

Black Scout caused him to desist. As it was, he ground out another oath from between his clenched teeth, and the captain away from his camp."

Strode away.

This appeared to be exceedingly satisfactory to Long

row a-brewin, am dere? Fur what kin dat little villain set out on their return to the camp be in sich a hurry fur de services ob dis big rooster fur, ef dere ain't new debiltry a-hatchin'?"

He moved on to his hut, probably to continue his meditations with better advantage over his beloved banjo.

It was late in the afternoon when Brazos Bob rescued from alcholic stupor the few wits with which nature had

endowed his moral deformity

He had barely staggered to his feet, and shaken himself together, before his master again approached him. The latter contented himself with roughly reprimanding him for his ill-timed drunkenness, for there was a wicked glitter in the ruffian's eye, and he had learned from experience that it was dangerous to lay hands upon him.

The following day at one for Bertie at least. She sang and played

"I wanted you greatly at an earlier hour, Bob," said Camargo, "but still I trust it is not too late."

"What's on hand now, my little senor?" was the sleepy

query of Bob.

Juan then informed Bob that he had received a message from an Indian called Long Sapling, who wished an interview with him. As he did not care to go to the Indian alone he wanted Bob to accompany him. So at the appointed time Juan and Bob met the Indian at the spot selected for the conference.

"The white chieftain has come," said the Indian, with a wave of his hand; "but he has not come alone."

He spoke in a species of broken English, which we shall

but partially imitate, if at all.

great buffalo in the chase and war, and Long Sapling startled her. signified his satistaction.

"Does the white man know why the Long Sapling has honored him with this interview?"

"The white chieftain thinks so," said Camargo. "Is he right in deeming that Long Sapling regards the soldier-chief, Markham, as an enemy?"
"Enemy?" howled Long Sapling; "enemy? If Long

Sapling had the soldier-chief in his power, he would tear—tear him to pieces!"

"But what can the great Long Sapling do alone?"

men; is it not so."

"Yes?"

at hand. But our horses are gone. Had we but horses, we might kidnap the soldier-chief, and take him with us Then-then-the senor will hear of his enemy no more."

"How are you to get horses?"

forefinger and drawing down the corner of one of his eyes. uncle's property. "Well, suppose you are provided with horses, how are you going to get the captain apart from his men so as to effect his capture?"

"That must also be contrived by the senor," said Long

Sapling, complacently.

This remark provoked an exclamation of surprise from Camargo; but suddenly a happy thought struck him. Markham and Bertie, lover-like would hardly have separated without making arrangements for future meetings. Would not a forged message from her at any time induce the captain to go to almost any appointed place, and

"Yes, I can manage that part of it also," said Camargo.

"How many horses do you require?"

"Eleven," replied Long Sapling, slowly enumerating upon the fingers of both hands. "Seven braves, besides ing near him, and casting upon him all the imprecations Long Sapling and his squaw, and two more horses for

From this, Juan concluded that nine horses were wanted "You drunken rascal!" he cried; "must you always be for Indian riders, and two extra steeds probably for the

use of prisoners.

inous services the most?"

Wery good," said Juan. "I will endeavor to let you have said more, had not the approach of the have the horses to-morrow night. Then we will have to wait until the night after that before I can promise to lure

"Oh, ho!" soliloquized the negro; "dere am annuder Sapling, and Juan, accompanied by Bob, soon afterward

"How is you goin' to run off the stock, senor?" asked

"Have you stolen so few horses that you must ask such a question?'

"Still, I don't much like the business, senor."

CHAPTER X.

THE CHLOROFORMED HANDKERCHIEF.

The following day at Red Ranch was a dull and heavy

She sang and played till she was tired, tried to read with but little success, and at last gained some consolation by going upon the roof of the ranch, whence she could catch a glimpse of the military encampment among the chaparral, far down upon the river-bank. She could see the cavalrymen going through their movements on the open plain, and in vain wished that her lover had left his field glass behind, so that she might distinguish his form among the rest.

After the heat of the day, as the cool south wind began to sweep through the canons and over the savannas, Bertie could endure her restlessness no longer, but seizing a rod and line strolled out to the river and began to fish.

A plump, gleaming trout rewarded her first cast. Another speedily followed, and she was becoming flushed Juan explained that Bob was his bosom friend, was a and interested in the sport, when a low voice close at hand

Misits Bertie."

"Oh! is it you, Josh?" she exclaimed, as the Black "Why do you startle me in that way, you silly fellow? Look at these two fish in the basket. Aren't they beau-Hush, now. Ha! there's another!"

And her clear laugh rang abroad as she whipped another writhing sparkler from the stream, while Jingo Josh grinned with delight as he bared and rebaited the

hook for her.

"Nothing; but with the help of the senor much."

"Speak."

"Now, mistis, will yer allow de ole man a few momentums ob yer bootiful attention afore you murder a nuder fish," said he. "Fur you see," he continued, as she nodded assent, "dem ere little fish as wags dere leetle tails so friskly in de mountain stream, an' looks so purty "I have a handful of braves, awaiting my orders, close in de fryin'-pan, dem ere little fish'll keep, an' perhaps what dis ole coon's got ter say won't. D'ye see, mistis?

"Yes, but why don't you say what you came to say?" laughed Bertie, whose curiosity was, nevertheless, begin-

ning to deepen.

"The senor must get them for us. His kinsman has "You must know, Mistis Bertie," said he, lowering his many in his herds, but we dare not steal them at present." voice, and wagging his woolly head mysteriously, "dat "Humph!" muttered Juan, not exactly relishing, undere's a heap ob debbiltry abroad. It am in the air like principled as he was, a role which forced him to steal his de hum-bum ob a June bug. Las' night I seed Massa

Camargo an' dat ring-tail warmint Bob sneakin' out ob de ranch, an' I follered 'em, keepin' purty well in de rear, but not losin' sight ob dem fur a minute. Dey climbed de near ridge, 'bout a mile off, when a Injin signaled 'em by crackin' his rifle. Dey den hab a conflab wid him, an' "Bob," said Juan, placing his hand upon his shoulder, went ober de ridge. I follered, an' peerin' ober de rocks and looking at him with well-assumed gravity and adseed dem in clus consumlation at a camp-fire wid dat ole miration, "I thought, as I once told you before, that I had coon ob a savage, Long Saplin'

the Indian who is supposed to have acted as a guide to the long: you're a genius.

Indians in their recent attack upon the camp!"
"De berry same ole coon, an' no mistake, Mistis Bertie. Well, I dasn't crawl near enough fur to hear what dey was chinnin' about, but dey was dere a long time, an' de young senor 'peared fur to be on mighty bully terms—reglar hook-and-crook, you know—wid de redskin; an' hand soothingly upon the ruffian's shoulder, as he observed his face elongate, "just wait till then, and I'll dey had fixed up somethin' accordin' to de satisfactorum ob bote parties. Den de young senor an' Bob sloped, an' you desire it. Here! take à rull at this flack. It contains Den de young senor an' Bob sloped, an' so did Jingo Josh.

"What do you think of it, Josh? Shall I tell my father

at once?

"I dunno, mistis. What do you t'ink?" .
"I think that my Cousin Juan must be a very wicked man to be in communication with our savage enemies. And yet I do not believe I could arouse my father's suspicions, he trusts him so implicitly. Besides Juan has such ready wit, and such an eloquent tongue, he never an'

fails to trump up half a dozen excuses to order."

"It is now scarcely eight. Wait till I return."

"Dat's jist it, Mistis Bertie; he can beat all creation on the chin music," said Josh. "So I was t'inkin' dat I'd go of the corral-wall facing the extremity of the peninsula,

down to de camp an' let de cap'n know eberyt'ing."

"That's it. Do so," cried Bertie, clapping her hands, and as she bent over and whispered low, with downcast and as she bent over and whispered low, with downcast | Juan sprang through the gate of the corral, and in a few eyes, it was evident that she was availing herself of the minutes reappeared. He placed in the hands of Bob a

opportunity to send some verbal message to her lover.

"All right, mistis, all right," said Josh, rising, with a broad grin; "I'll see de cap'n hisself. But fust, I'm gwine fur to take a long time, an' I'se 'ginning fur to been wide awake fur a long time, an' I'se 'ginning fur to feel it heah," tapping his forehead with his forefinger. "It am now nigh onto de set ob de sun. I'll wake up 'bout nine or ten, look aruon' fur to see if anyt'ing else is gwine on, an' den slope down to de camp. Now, mistis, go on wid yer snarin' ob de finny tribes."
"No," said Bertie, reeling up her line. "I have no heart

for any further sport. Besides, these will suffice for sup-

er. Go now, and I need not tell you to be faithful."

Soon after Bertie had quitted the chaparral, and was returning to the ranch in a very perplexed state of mind, a man, who had been concealed among the denser cacti growths that fringed and underthreaded the low timber, and who had heard every syllable that had passed, crept out, and bending over the bank, dashed the bright water over his head, face, and neck, for the temperature of the place in which he had been secreted was of furnace heat. The reader need scarcely to be informed that the eaves-

dropper was Brazos Bob.

"Oh, crimminy!" he exclaimed, only with a far worse oath; "but that was an oven. Even a rattlesnake couldn't have stood it longer than I did. Howsomedever, I got somethin' fur my pains, an' if the little senor don't thank me, an' keep me in red-eye fur a fortnight fur what I tell him, he an' I part company, that's all I got to say. I knowed as how there was something up jist as soon as I seed the little lady saunter down here with her fishin' gear. Thar's other things fur to be fished fur besides trout, sez I; an'so I managed to crawl in here afore the nigger come along. By Jingo! but that Jingo Josh's a deep un. He seems to be watchin' me an' the little senor as a cat does a mice. Howsomedever, two can play at that game, or I never stampeded a horse as wasn't my

He waited until it was nearly dusk before he crawled out of his covert in search of his master. He soon found him, and in no pleasant mood, for Juan had been in search chief under his nostrils the Black Scout was just upon the

of Bob for more than an hour.

"Oh, you needn't look pesky, my little senor, fur I ain't been drunk this time, no how," exclaimed Brazos Bob. jubilantly, and he straightway gave him a full account of what he had seen and heard.

"How's that fur a independent stroke of policy, my lit-tle senor" he exclaimed, in conclusion. "Purty good fur a 'infernal numskull,' as you're in the habit o' stylin' me, ain't it?

"Bob," said Juan, placing his hand upon his shoulder, misunderstood you; now I know it. Bob, you've been "What!" exclaimed Bertie, in alarm. "Why, that is hiding your luminary under a peck-measure a little too

> "Ha, ha! I knowed as how you'd give me my desarts," "Ain't you going to stand two or three roared the bravo.

bottles o' pizen?"

you desire it. Here! take a pull at this flask. some of the best brandy in my uncle's house.

Bob took a long draught from the flask that was proffered him, and gave it back with much reluctance.
"But what do you intend to do with Jingo Josh, my lit-

tle senor? He's a deep 'un; by crimminy, he's as deep as

"Perhaps so. You say that he's asleep?"
"I reckon so. He said that he was well-nigh played out, would snooze till nine or ten.

and near the collection of adobes used by the peons, hunters, and others, and it was quite dark.

soft, neatly folded handkerchief.

"Wrapped up in that handkerchief," said he, "is a small vial of chloroform. After you have stolen into the hut where the negro lies asleep saturate the handkerchief, throw away the vial, and lay the rag under his nose."

"Well, my little senor, I guess I'll do it," said Bob,

drawing a long breath.

It was nearly ten o'clock when Brazos Bob cautiously approached the low adobe hut which had been allotted to Jingo Josh soon after his arrival at Red Ranch.

The street of the little village, if it might be so called, was entirely deserted, and from the open door of each lowly tenement issued the heavy breathing of sleep. Josh snored loudly and regularly, and Bob was not long in making up his mind that he was plunged in profound

Dropping noiselessly upon his hands and knees he crept into the hut. He remained thus long enough to get used to the gloom, and gradually made out the nature and position of his surroundings.

The bulky form of the sleeper, lying upon a number of bear-skins, occupied one entire side of the shanty, with

his head resting upon his arm.

Scarcely daring to draw breath, Bob approached him inch by inch. Once his hand brushed something which sent forth a soft, melodious twang, which caused the sleeper to move uneasily.

Bob had accidentally touched the strings of the banjo. Taking care not to do so again he crept still nearer, and then softly laid the saturated handkerchief directly under

the negro's nostrils without disturbing him.

In another moment the bravo had gained the open air, and was flying to his master, having successfully accomplished his mission.

CHAPTER XI.

A CRIME AND A WITNESS.

At the time that Brazos Bob laid the saturated handkerpoint of awakening from a long and refreshing natural sleep. Notwithstanding this, had he been possessed of a less sturdy organization the influence of the subtle inhalation would not have failed to prolong his sleep indefinitely. But his constitution was an extraordinary one, even for

Awakening a few moments after it had been appoison. plied, and just as the insidious fumes began to steal over his senses, he experienced a sensation, which, for utter the horses roaming over enjoyment, he had never known before. The coarse the refreshing herbage. tissues of his gigantic frame grew pliant and soft, languorous inanition took possession of his untutored faculand he was gradually falling off into a sea of delicious forgetfulness, when he vaguely became aware of him and his carbine resting between his knees. the cool damp handkerchief lying across his lips.

Had he not become conscious of this just at the time herder from behind. that he did his faculties would probably have been wholly Suddenly one of the conquered, and sleep resumed for many hours. As it was, he remembered that he had not placed anything over his lips before going to sleep, while at the same time perhaps he had dim recollections of what he had heard respecting the devices of robbers to induce unconsciousness in their

victims.

At any rate, by a great effort of will, he raised his hand, dashed aside the handkerchief, and staggered to his feet. him, and everything was in a whirl around him.

Not doubting for a moment now that he had been drugged, he staggered out into the air, and to the bank of the Rio Virgin. Here divesting himself of the single garment which he had retained upon lying down, he sprang into the shallow and ice-cold stream, and plunged re-

peatedly beneath the surface.

If not completely restored he was at least so far refreshed that he was enabled to return to his cabin, in very rational manner, strike a light and dress himself. An examination of the ground—which constituted the only floor of the hut—revealed to his experienced eye the manner in which the intruder had entered, and he now began fully to comprehend the trick which had been played-that is, to comprehend it as well as his faculties would permit, for he was still dazed from the stupefying effects of the poison, and every now and then a mist swept across his eyes, compelling him to pause and collect him-

He armed himself to the teeth, swung his rifle over his ache. shoulder, and passed out, scarcely knowing whither to go.

His foot struck something in the grass, which determined his course. The object which he picked up was That some one had recently dropped it there was evident, for it was almost perfectly dry, while the spears of grass around it were sparkling with dew.

Josh intuitively turned to the north-east, going behind the ranch, and keeping along up through the center of the

peninsula.

It was in this direction, in a broad and grassy canon between both rivers, and about half a mile to the rear of the house, that the horses of the ranch were corraled every night. Comparatively little care was taken of the wild cattle and vast flocks of sheep and goats, which roamed almost at will over the vast domain of Red Ranch; but Mr. Bounty was very particular about his horses and mules, of which he had several hundred, and always had them collected at nightfall in the above-mentioned canon, and properly herded by his peons.

In instinctively groping for this spot Josh, under other circumstances, would most likely have acquainted the proprietor with his suspicions, and obtained assistance, but he was still in that misty, half-awake condition I have described, and mere locomotion and the retention of the uncle. perceptive faculties required an exertion of all the will he

On and on he pressed, stumbling over bowlders, dragging his steps through growths of sage and prickly pear, and now and then pausing to breathe hard and collect anew his scattered thoughts.

At length the moon, which had been theretofore concealed behind heavy masses of fleecy drift, struggled out, illuminating the jagged walls of the canons with weird

utterly unable to proceed a foot farther. The indomitable twenty me will which had thus far enabled him to combat the subtle effects of the powerful poison he had inhaled remained "Here a string of the powerful poison he had inhaled remained "Here active, keeping his brain and senses awake, but his limbs said Josh, passing the handkerchief and empty vial to Mr.

a far-West hunter, and he did not readily succumb to the were paralyzed, and he leaned against the last rock, exhausted and impotent.

Below and before him stretched the green bottom, with the horses roaming over at will, or reclining at ease amid

He could see in the moonlight the figure of the herdsman seated motionless upon a rock, with his sombrero drawn over his brows, his heavy serape drawn around

He could also see two dark figures approaching the

Suddenly one of them sprang upon him with a panther spring, and the other tore the carbine from his grasp. There was a short cry, and then all was over. The herdsman lay prostrate upon the ground, probably gagged and bound, for the witness had caught the gleam of no deadly weapon in the moonlight.

All this Josh could see and comprehend perfectly, and yet he was as incapable of speech and movement as though

he were stricken dumb and bound hand and foot.

The drug had, however, already taken partial effect upon him, and everything was in a whirl around him.

"He saw the raiders secure steed after steed, and then each mounting one they led the others by lariats, and approached the very spot where he was standing; indeed, it was the only outlet of the canon.

Jingo Josh scarcely knew what to do. He was incapable of movement, and yet to be discovered was to be lost.

He could not see the faces of the men, though he thought he recognized their forms.

They paused, seemed to hesitate, and then conversed earnestly together.

Then they pressed on. In another moment they would

be upon him. By a superhuman effort he regained sufficient use of his limbs to stagger into the deep shadow of the rock against which he had leaned.

He then sank upon the ground in a state of unconscious-

When he regained his consciousness the sun was high in the heavens. His limbs were sore and stiff from lying unprotected in the heavy dews, and he had a raging head-

As soon as he could collect his senses Josh made the best of his way to the ranch, and gave Mr. Bounty a detailed account of what had occurred and what he had actually

The old gentleman was at first incredulous, and Juan, who happened to be present, assisted him in his incre But the account of the Black Scout was speedily dulity. and fully corroborated by an examination into the facts.

The unfortunate herdsman had been found by his comrades, gagged and bound, and when he regained his speech, which was only a considerable time after the removal of the gag, his account of the manner in which he had been attacked and secured agreed with that given by the witness, only he could not tell how many were concerned in the attack upon him, or who they were.

Moreover, eleven horses had been stolen from the herd,

though none of the lariats were missing from the peon quarters. These, however, it was argued by Jingo Josh, might have been used to effect the robbery, and then

returned to their places.

"Not when de t'ieves comes from de ranch whar de hosses as is stolen belongs, Massa Camargo," said Josh,

giving him a penetrating glance.
"What do you mean?" cried Juan, angrily.

"At any rate, Juan, he speaks very rationally," said Mr. Bounty, with much gravity.

"If as how de warmints nebber come from dis ranch,

what fur did dey want to go an' chloroformation dis nigga fur?" asked Josh, still argumentatively.

effulgence, and he was enabled to make better progress.

At last he came out of the rocks that formed the southern border of the secluded pasture, and found himself being used in this wilderness? I don't believe there are twenty men in Arizona who know even the meaning of

"Here am de handkercher, an' here am de demijohn,"

"One on 'em I found under my snoot last night,

said Mr. Bounty, placing the article to his nose. "Jingo murmur. Josh is not romancing, Juan.

"Certainly not, Cousin Juan," said Bertie, with a peculiar intonation.

She had been standing by, a curious and deeply interested listener and spectator.

CHAPTER XII.

MARKHAM A CAPTIVE.

On the following day Anita visited the camp of the soldiers and handed Markham a note.

He could not, he thought, mistake the handwriting. It was from Bertie, giving him a piteous account of being little less than a prisoner in the ranch, and imploring him to meet her that night upon the ridge immediately of his camp, as she had made arrangements by which she could escape and reach that place unobserved.

The note puzzled the young officer exceedingly. not like Bertie—who was a modest, right-thinking girl, despite her rude training-to engage to meet even him

alone by night, and in a remote and secluded place.
Shortly before ten o'clock he called in his lieutenant and sergeant, both true and tried friends, hinted at the nature of the meeting, and the suspicious circumstances surrounding it, and requested them to accompnay him, at least a portion of the way, which they cheerfully consented to do.

Unbeknown to any one in the camp but the sentry, they commenced riding toward the ridge, there being starlight, but no moon.

When they had nearly reached the top of the eminence and were compelled to go on foot, on account of the rocky nature of he ground, the captain bade his companions

halt, and proceeded cautiously forward alone.

He had just surmounted the summit, and was looking suspiciously around him, when suddenly a number of dusky forms sprang upon him from behind the rocks and

at random, and shouted lustily for help. He fought desperately. He heard the shouts of his companions, rushing to his assistance, but before he could know of their

horse, which, led by another horseman in advance, was bearing him rapidly away, through a gloomy and to him, unknown region.

There was enough light for him to see that his captors were Indians, but for some time prudence induced him to maintain silence, though he could not restrain the terrible apprehensions which filled his mind.

To Juan Camargo alone could he be indebted for his present position. He ground his teeth in helpless rage at the thought of how he had been entrapped. He was filled with doubts and fears as to what had been the fate of his companions; but the most torturing thought was the

agony of poor Bertie when she should hear of his capture.

At last he asked, in the fragmentary Navajo dialect at his command, for some water.

It was given to him without a word. He then asked a tall, gaunt savage who rode in advance, and appeared to be the chief of the band, the reason of his capture.

The Indian rode to his side, and hissed, in a sepulchral whisper

"Indian know how to hate! Indian know how to re-

The young officer did not recognize the voice that had whispered so ominously in his ear; and though the import of the laconic words filled him with increased apprehension, he deemed it the best policy to say no more at that time.

The tightness of the thongs which bound his hards and the udder I found in the grass near my dobe dis mornin'." feet caused him intense pain; but he was a thorough "I certainly detect strong evidences of chloroform here," soldier, inured to fatigue and discomfort, and he did not

They quitted the comparatively open ground, and began You wouldn't think me capable of horse-stealing, would you?"

"Cortainly not Cover Lyon" soid Postic with a past

At last they entered a place of such total darkness that the prisoner rightly concluded it to be a spacious cavern.

He was lifted from his horse, the bands about his ankles were rendered easier, and he gladly laid himself down upon the cold, bare ground while his captors lighted a fire of pine-cones, at which an aged squaw prepared to cook some bear's meat.

The remainder of his captors were eight in number, and their chief he now recognized, to his astonishment, as none other than Long Sapling.

They ate their meal in silence, and offered some to Markham, who was too hungry to refuse it.

Long Sapling then directed one of his braves to give the captive a blanket and further loosen his bonds, so that he was enabled to make himself comparatively comfortable for the night-two Indians guarding him while the others

The next morning, after making a breakfast upon the remnants of the preceding meal, they proceeded on their

Toward nightfall they arrived at the Indian camp, and Markham was placed in a wigwam. While he lay there upon the ground he could see under the edge of the wigwam that the Indians were busily engaged gathering pinecones and piling them around the foot of a young tree

Of course this left him in no doubt as to his intended fate. His heart sank and his nerve almost entirely deserted him.

But at this moment one of the young squaws, whom he had noticed more than the rest, and whose face struck him as having something familiar about it, entered the wigwam for some trifling purpore.

As the light on the little fire that burned in the center fell upon her face, he saw a strong likeness to little Anita, Bertie's housemaid, and he called her to him in a low voice.

he found himself seized.

He managed, however, to draw his revolver, and fire at random, and shouted lustily for help. He fought desperately. He heard the shouts of his companions, rushing to his assistance, but before he could know of their oh, tell me of her!" And she flung herself on the ground the interior.

When he recovered his senses, which he did with a racking headache and acute pains in every bone of his body, he found himself securely bound on the back of a horse, which, led by another horsemen in oderate and in such eloquent terms, that when she arose she saw in him about the only friend Anita had on the face of the earth.

Then, deeming himself perfectly justified in the fabrications by which he had thus far won her, he pleaded his own cause. He told her how Long Sapling, to gratify a personal pique, had effected his capture, and was about to sacrifice him to his vengeance—how poor Anita would weep herself to death at hearing of his wretched fate, and concluded by beseeching her to save him.

She hesitated, and then consented. "Listen!" said she.

"My people-they are only half my people, for my mother was a Mexican-have much whisky. They will mother was a Mexican—have much whisky. They will tie you to the tree, but before lighting the fire, they make much drunk. I will cut your bonds behind, but go not your way until the flames begin to raise their heads. This will astonish them so that it will give you time to escape into the darkness before they can follow.

"Thanks—thanks, my preserver, my adorable girl!" exclaimed the young man, almost beside himself at the

prospect of life and liberty so suddenly held forth to him. "And you will tell sweet Anita that you have seen me,

"Oh, yes-a thousand times; and she will bless her sister's name forever!

I'M

A great fire was blazing in the open space, but a few yards away, upon which the squaws were cooking large quantities of meat, and around which the braves, who had evidently made a big whisky raid not many days before, were dancing in a furious manner, each holding a bottle of the fiery spirits, with which ever and anon they would add fresh fuel to their frenzy.

when sober, what was he, or rather, what was he not, when drunk? It is simply indescribable. His face was fairly illuminated, and his howls and shrieks made the the fugitive. surrounding rocks echo and re-echo with hideous vibra-

At length he seized a blazing brand and brandished it in the face and over the head of the captive.

The other braves also seized lighted pieces of wood, and danced about the fated prisoner, while the squaws set up frantic and discordant howls.

At last they set fire to the heap of cones.

Markham with difficulty caught his breath as the dense

oke curled around him.
He strained at his thongs, out they still held him fast.

Heavens! had the girl proved treacherous?
The flames began to flicker and leap. He felt them

scorching his clothing, and their hot breath on his cheek.
He strained again, but in vain.

He gave himself up for lost.

Suddenly, however, and just as the cruel flames were about to envelope him, Markham felt the thongs which bound him loosen, and, an instant later, he kicked away the cones from his feet and knees, and strode forth through the flames, with scarcely a scar, though not without an exceedingly uncomfortable warmth about his legs.

The Indians shrank back in amazement and supersti-

tious fear.

a.

1 2

He increased their alarm by making a number of mysterious gestures, and pointing heavenward with solemn, had happened. dramatic effect.

time would elapse before they would recover from their surprise, and set up a pursuit.

There was enough starlight to enable him to distinguish

his way pretty well.

The rocks in many places were almost inaccessible, and he had to fight his way step by step, sometimes clinging to the tendrils of overgrowing vines to prevent his being dashed to death hundreds of feet below. But he struggled on with desperate energy. His strength failed him, how-ever, before he could reach the summit of the plateau, and, satisfied that he was safe, at least for the present, he lay down behind a rock, and, completely overcome by excitement and fatigue, fell into a profound sleep

Drops of rain, falling sharply upon his face, awoke him, and he sprang to his feet. It was a morning of storm, with thunder rolling overhead, and rain beating fast.

At last fight came on, and, falling want of nutriment, he threw himsel one of the great bowlders and slept. It was the dawn of another day we have the day we have the dawn of another day we have the dawn of another day we have the day we have the dawn of another day we have the dawn of another day we have the d

He collected a quantity of the fruit of the prickly pear, with which, in a measure, he assuaged his hunger and thirst, and then pressed on up the steeps.

He had not gone more than half a dozen miles, however, before a number of faint halloes in his rear satisfied him

that he was pursued.

He crept into the crevice of a great bowlder, from which, entirely hid from view himself, he could see the route he had just traversed, which led along the edge of the precipice, and waited. Fortunately the rain, which still fell fast, though it had somewhat abated, had obliterated his trail, so that they had but little likelihood of following him in that way.

Presently he saw three Indians, in single file, but a considerable distance apart, coming along the plateau at a ing herself with her usual weapons of the chase.

brisk rate. To his alarm he saw them stop and examine every bowlder of considerable size which could in any manner afford a hiding-place for a man. He recognized

CHAPTER XIII.

AN ESCAPE AND ITS VICISSITUDES.

In a little while Markham was dragged out, and bound erect, with his back to the tree, the pine-cones, when heaped around him, burying his legs as high as his knees.

A great fire was blazing in the open space, but a few

Markham crept a little out to the front again, and continued his watch, not daring to continue his march until

assured the coast was clear.

rere dancing in a furious manner, each holding a bottle of the fiery spirits, with which ever and anon they would defresh fuel to their frenzy.

But Long Sapling! If he was supernaturally hideous loosely built figure, to assure the young officer that it was

none other than Long Sapling.

"I think it must be all up with me this time," groaned the fugitive. "No cranny the width of one's finger will escape the detection of that lynx-eyed fiend. Oh! if I had

but a weapon—a knife, or even a club!

On came the Indian, stopping every moment, and searching the ground narrowly, for the rain had now altogether ceased. At last he paused at the edge of the chasm, scarcely twenty feet from the fugitive's hidingplace, and bent upon one knee to examine the ground.

A sudden thought took possession of Markham, and he acted upon it with a suddenness and precision which after-

ward occasioned him no little surprise.

He stole from his hiding-place, seized a stone about twice the size of an ordinary brick, and threw it with all

his strength at the Indian's head.

It struck the shoulder instead of the head, but such was the force of the blow that Long Sapling with difficulty retained his equilibrium, and staggering to his feet faced his assailant

As he did so, however, another missile, better aimed, smote him with tremendous force on the forehead, and with a ringing death-shriek he disappeared over the

precipice.

Congratulating himself upon having ridden himself of his enemy, and at the same time somewhat appalled at the horrible nature of his fate, Markham stood perfectly still for some moments before he could thoroughly realize what

He then crawled to the brink of the abyss, and looked Before they could recover from their stupor he had down. But the stream must ere that have borne away the walked away and disappeared among the rocks. Once out mutilated remains, and not a vestige of the last lineal walked away and disappeared among the rocks. Once out mutilated remains, and not a vestige of the last lineal of sight he took to his heels, knowing that but a short descendant of the Great Buffalo and Ringtailed Rattle-

snake remained.

Before meeting that terrible death the savage had laid his bow and quiver on the ground. These, unfamiliar as he was with their use, the fugitive eagerly seized, confident that he could make use of them in case of emergency.

Satisfying himself that there were no other pursuers, and that no danger could be apprehended from those who had gone before, he now pressed forward with new hope and confidence. But it seemed that the plateau would never terminate, and he was frequently turned far from his direct course by being compelled to follow the windings of the canon.

At last night came on, and, faint and enfeebled from want of nutriment, he threw himself under the shelter of

It was the dawn of another day when he awoke, but it was not the daylight that awakened him.

It was a rude hand shaking him, and the sound of voices in the fierce guttural of the savage.

He awoke but to despair. He was once more a prisoner.

CHAPTER XIV.

BERTIE TO THE RESCUE-THE RIVER AND ITS SECRET.

The news of Markham's capture reached the Red Ranch early the following morning.

Bertie was at first completely overcome by what she had heard, but her spirit speedily arose with the occasion. She at once attired herself in her hunting costume, arm-

any one was visible as she passed out of the house and silly mistress has gone upon a desperate errand, which through the corral, except one or two of the sleepy peon may bring destruction upon her head. I am troubled, and sentries, who thought nothing of her appearing so early.

She ran toward the peon quarters, with the intention of and seeking Jingo Josh, when she met the object of her search prattle to me while I fish. coming directly toward her.

"You have heard what has happened, Josh?" she exclaimed.

"Eberything, Mistis Bertie. But, gorry me! how pale he pressed them, and then turned abruptly away as she was! Your cheeks am white as buttermilk." skipped back to the house.

'Never mind that. Josh, not a moment is to be lost. Go at once, and put my saddle on the best horse you can turned with the rod and line. find, and pick out the next best for yourself. Provide yourself with two haversacks full of provisions, and two poor Anita!" she cried, the tears springing to her dark, canteens full of water Then await me on the bank of the childish eyes. river at the ford. Quick! father or cousin are awake." We must be off before my

Bertie ran back to her room to procure a blanket and "Come, we will go up into the canon some other articles that she deemed would be necessary to air as it comes from the mountains." her mad enterprise, and gathering together what she wanted, not forgetting her hunting-spear, of which she

had a number, made her way to the ford.

Josh was there, with two fine horses in gear, and, strapped over the shoulder of the one intended for himtwo well-filled haversacks, two canteens, and a bundle of new army blankets.

They were mounted and about starting, when Juan Camargo came running out of the chaparral.

"What is this? where are you going?" he cried. "Cousin,

you surely do not forget so far-

"I wish I could forget that I have a coward and a traitor for a relative!" exclaimed the Queen of the Canons, with love from the deadly toils which you have woven around and in it she read her doom.

"You mistake! this is madness! At least, let me go

with you; I cannot remain here without you.

"What! will not the gentle Anita console you?" cried Bertie, and with a contemptuous laugh she dashed into the river, followed by Jingo Josh.

Juan saw them ride away, and then began pacing to and

fro on the river-bank, white and trembling.
"Wrath and ruin!" he exclaimed, almost gnashing his teeth in his mortification and rage; "my own plans seem ever to rebound against me. Now she knows all about Anita and everything else. Fool! I might have known that Markham would not have kept the appointment indicated in the note, without taking some one with him. whole camp knews about the plot, and they say that Lieutenant Granger has in his possession the letter which I forged. Of course I might deny all knowledge of that, boldly and defiantly, but they'll be sure to question Anita, and bully the truth out of her. I shall be ruined—even in my uncle's estimation I shall be ruined. He has a sense of honor, as they call it, under all his cursed prejudice; and should the truth of this treachery come out I believe he would kick me out of doors, and give the girl to my rival; that is, supposing that Markham makes his escape, which is not unlikely, seeing the rapidity with which the troops started in pursuit. Ruined! ruined!

He paced the bank wildly, wringing his hands and looking really desperate, as he repeated the ominous words.

Suddenly he paused, lowering his head and riveting his gaze, as one is apt to do when possessed of a sudden fortunate idea.

"Ruined?" he continued. "Yes. But she is the only itness. Poor child, poor child! So young, and pretty, and confiding, too.

He gave a low harsh laugh, resumed his nervous pacing for a turn or two, and then turned his back toward the river, and was about to proceed toward the ranch.

It is said that Satan is ever at one's elbow, when a thought or deed of evil is even faintly foreshadowed in the mind, and he did not forget to be at the elbow of Juan Camargo at that moment

The tempter appeared in the shape of pretty Anita, who came running out from the chaparral to meet him just as he turned toward the ranch, probably with the intention of searching for her.

said Juan, speaking with great effort, and "Anita,"

It had long been her custom to rise at dawn, and hardly drawing her toward him with a trembling arm. will not go to breakfast. Run and fetch my rod and line, and you shall go far up into the canon with me, and

Her dark face lighted up at the proposition, and, before going, she stood on tiptoe, with her ripe lips lifted, for the accustomed kiss. She did not notice that he shuddered as

He turned upon her a still darker brow when she re-

'No, there is nothing against you, only I am troubled; that is all," he replied, taking the tackle from her. Come, we will go up into the canon and drink the fresh

She followed him, half curious, half afraid. Presently, she following, he branched off toward the right, and they came upon the Colorado, which at this point ran swift and deep between towering precipices.

It was a spot wild, dark, remote, and desolate.
"Ah," laughed the girl, taking off her hat and making a dash at the grasshoppers to bait her lover's hook, "this is the shady place where the big trout cluster and grow fat.

What! Oh, Juan! Oh. oh, oh! The last exclamation arose to a gurgling shriek, for had suddenly clutched her by the throat, and his sinew,

hand was tightening upon her life.

for a relative!" exclaimed the Queen of the Canons, with As she turned, with a desperate, spasmodic effort, she withering contempt. "I am going to rescue the man I caught a glimpse of his face—dark, hard, and relentless—

Anita was of the mountains born and bred, agile as a cat, very strong, and, moreover, a very savage in the development of the violent passions, while Camargo was neither a large nor strong man.

As he dragged her toward the rushing river's edge she fought hard for life, grasping his curling hair, and tear-

ing at him with her nails like a cat.

Finally she succeeded in drawing a small dirk, which she always carried, and with it she made an unsuccessful lunge at him.

He muttered something to himself, seemed to hesitate, and the next instant his own poniard was sheathed in her heart.

He wiped the blade and replaced it in his sash, the perspiration standing in great drops upon his pallid brow, and his whole frame trembling from head to foot.

He had not meant to shed her blood, but there she lay,

disfigured and dead.

Bad as he was, for the time being he was unmanned. He walked about the place almost beside himself, and yet fascinated, every now and then turning a look upon the lifeless form.

When fondling Anita he had often thought of her more as a child than a woman. But never had her extreme youth seemed so apparent as now, as she lay there with upturned face, closed eyes, and parted lips, with one hand loosely extended, the other still clutching her dagger, gathered hard against her breast, and her night-black hair bedabbled with her blood.

With his fish-line he made fast a great stone to the feet

of the body, and cast it in the river It floated an instant, making the water all red, and then

sank to rise no more. "There can be no witness now," muttered Juan Camargo, and he strode slowly away.

CHAPTER XV.

ADVENTURES OF BERTIE AND JINGO JOSH.

Bertie and her rude companion rode swiftly for several hours, as the former knew that her father would not fail to send out in pursuit of her as soon as he should be apprised of her departure.

They then struck southward over the broken plains, she leading, as being the most experienced in the nature of "There are two canons which we will reach after Bertie coawhile," said she, "both of them running parallel for a her saddle. number of miles, where one strikes off to the west, the "Cheer under the same of the other keeping its southern direction. The bigger one is called the Dry Canon, and the smaller the Lost River One of these, depend upon it. Josh, the Indians Canon. have taken, carrying off their prisoner. Poor, poor Jasper! But something tells me I shall not be too late to save him.

"But, Mistis Bertie, if you'll permit a poor nigger fur to ask a question," said Josh, very naturally, "which am the correct canon for us to take fur to foller de In-

juns as hab de cap'n in limbo?"

Why, the largest one, the Dry Canon, of course," said Bertie, after some hesitation. "You see, there's no water running in that, and of course they must have chosen it on that account."

I dunno about dat," said Josh, rubbing his woolly pate; "perhaps dat am just de reason why dey wouldn't choose it. Injuns ain't afeard of wettin' dere feet in a

mergency." Well, which do you think the best course to take?" "I reely dunno, Mistis Bertie. I leab it all to you," replied Josh, with a grin, which showed the satisfaction with which he shifted the grave responsibility.

"Then we will take the Dry Canon," said Bertie, de-

cisively.

They were just quitting the broken open plain, and beginning to enter the defiles which deepened around them as they approached the canons' mouths, when Josh, who was a little in advance, turned suddenly in his saddle, and cried, in a hoarse whisper:

"I ist, mistis! dere am some Injuns on de udder ridge Ride in among de big rocks, out ob sight. Quick!"

Before obeying the warning, Bertie threw a backward glance over the elevated plain they had just traversed, and there, just beyond a little eminence, sure enough, she caught a glimpse of the nodding plumes of savage horsemen rising into view above the rocky summit.

She followed Josh without a word, and in a few minutes they were exploring the recesses of a dark ravine, the bed of which was fifteen or twenty feet below the surface of

the plateau they had left.

The ravine grew shallower and shallower as they proceeded, the rocky bed gradually rising until finally they came out upon a broad, rough, desolate-looking plain, on the other side of which arose a bold and rugged mountain spur, into the heart of which Dry Canon and Lost River Canon penetrated. The plain itself was only comparatively open, the greater portion of its surface being covered with confused masses of bowlders and rocks, which looked as though they had been hurled there broadcast in some battle of the Titans of old.

Josh cautiously made his way out alone at first, and looked searchingly about, but seeing no signs of life, called

Bertie to follow

"De hosses hab had a good rest in de ravine," said he, "an' I tink we'd best snake it fur de moufs ob de canons as fas' as dey kin go. Dere's no tellin' but what de In-

juns is spyin' aroun' fur us."

With that they set off at the top of their speed, Bertie growing lighter-hearted as she left the ravine behind, and brawny shoulders against it felt the fresh morning air blowing through her hair; though, having had no breakfast, she was exceedingly hungry, and unromantic enough to express as much to Jingo Josh.

Only wait till we git into de canon, mistis," said he, "an' den I'll open de habersacks and gib you all de bacon an' biscuit, an' jerked buck-meat as you kin put down your purty throat."

But hungry as they were, they were not destined to en-

joy an uninterrupted breakfast

They had not galloped more than a furlong, when a distant yell—a whoop, whose meaning there was no mistaking-came down after them on the wind, and they turned in their saddles to perceive that they were pursued.

One, two, three, four, five, yea, a dozen or more, hideously painted savages, were riding after them rising and vanishing among the rocks, but brandishing their weapons above their heads, and shouting their war-cries

Bertie could not repress a cry as she leaned forward in

"Cheer up, mistis!" cried her companion, "dey'se only got mustang ponies, an' we is on American hosses. Cheer

up! we're nigh a mile ahead on 'em. Bertie grew more calm as it became evident that they were indeed better mounted than their pursuers, and were, in fact, gaining upon them in the race. She, also, by a great effort of the will, brought into requisition all her stock of nerve and courage, for she instinctively felt that she would soon have need of all.

"Which am de narrerest canon, mistis?" said Josh, breathing hard, and pressing his horse to the utmost, for

Bertie had the finest steed.

The Lost River—the one to the left."

"How wide is its mouf?

"Only one horseman can enter at a time."
"Den dat's de canon fur us," said Josh. "Den dat's de canon fur us," said Josh. "After we git in, perhaps, I kin stop up de hole behind us."

"Oh! I fear not."

"Cheer up, mistis."

They approached the mountain spur, and sheered off to the left, toward the entrance to a lofty canon, which was so narrow and gloomy that it appeared but little more than a seam in the bare face of the stupendous precipice which formed its walls, and which presented to the open plain a front almost as perpendicularly smooth as the side of an edifice erected by human hands; but they could see a noisy streamlet leaping jubilantly in the sunlight and then losing itself in the cavernous depths.

That is Lost River, Josh.

"Hooray! We is gwine to find out whar he gits lost to!" cried Josh, taking in every feature of the retreat with a single sweep of his practiced vision. "In wid you, with a single sweep of his practiced vision. Mistis Bertie, an' I'll foller."

Bertie dashed into the water, and into the canon, the sides of which were so close together that she could have touched the walls by stretching out her hands. lowed, and, flinging his bridle-rein to her, leaped from the saddle.

"What are you going to do, Josh?"

"Bung up de hole, mistis," he cried with an enthusiastic Then, pointing up above to a huge bowlder which hung poised as though just ready to topple down on one side of the chasm, he exclaimed: "I seed that ere rock more'n two minutes ago, an' now I'm a-goin fur it, you bet!

The interior sides of the canon were more craggy and irregular than the external face of the precipice, but still so smooth and perpendicular as to seem utterly inaccessible to anything but the flight of a bird; but Josh clambered up them like an ape, using feet, hands, knees, shoulders, and spine in such wonderful contortions that under other circumstances Bertie would have laughed out right. But now, with the agonizing consciousness that every instant was vitally precious, that the ruthless foemen were sweeping upon them like the wind, she watched his movements with the most intense and painful interest,

Presently he got a position behind the rock, over fifty feet above her head, and she could see him brace his

It trembled, but did not materially give way. moment the yells of the savages resounded close at hand.
"Merciful Heaven!" exclaimed Bertie, clasping her

hands in an agony of terrified supplication, save me from a doom far worse than death!" "save me!-

The rock trembled again, but did not give way, although it was evident that the negro was straining every sinew of

his tremendous power.

Bertie shrieked; for, on wheeling her horse-which she did with the utmost difficulty-she looked out upon the plain and saw the foremost of the Indians galloping toward the canon.

One, a stalwart young warrior, considerably in advance of the rest, with a wild whoop, dashed into the narrow entrance. There was that in the lurid gleam of his eyes which summoned up every nerve of the brave girl in her

Her face was as white as sea-foam, but her teeth were clenched with a desperate resolve, and before he could comprehend that she intended resistance, her keen spear entered his eve

His painted features writhed with pain for an instant, and he gave one cry as his quivering hands were drawn up to his head, before he plunged headlong into the stream.

Two other savages, each eager to be foremost, their way abreast into the close defile, a number of others rage their customary prudence, rode out in front of the pressing and hovering in their rear with deafening yells opening and discharged a harmless flight of arrows and waving weapons, for they had witnessed their comagainst the bald surface of the rock; and, before they panion's fate.

But at this instant there was a rending, splitting, snapping, crashing overhead, and a clear voice, as if calling discharge from the fastness.

from the clouds, sang out: 'Stand from under!"

They saw the trap into which they had fallen, but it was too late.

Down came the enormous bowlder, bringing with it a small avalanche of dust, and dirt, and minor stones, and a enough of a game which, like the handle of a jug, was all

The Indians at the mouth of the canon backed out in of the retreating band came in view, as they crossed the time to escape, but the two who had forced their way in abreast, and one immediately behind them, together with "Hold on, mistis! I'll hab one more pop at de redtheir horses, were crushed into a shapeless mass, and almost entirely hid from sight underneath the fallen rock.

It was now about the middle of the afternoon, and as both Bertie and her taithful servant and protector were very hungry, they speedily made way with the contents of one of the haversacks, the negro assuring his mistress that the Indians would be unable to scale the bulwark which he had reared against their entrance into the canon; if indeed they should make the following the contents had protector were tion of seeing another savage reel in the comrades accelerated their pace. "Perhaps this is only a ruse, and should be unable to scale the bulwark which he had reared against their entrance into the canon; "I 'spect not, mistis," said Jingo of one of the haversacks, the negro assuring his mistress that the Indians would be unable to scale the bulwark which he had reared against their entrance into the canon; if, indeed, they should make the attempt, which he did not think they would.

"I spect not, mistis," said Jingo Josh. "An' even if dey is, dey can't climb dat ere rock in six hours. Come; the not think they would. not think they would.

They went back to their horses, to which another was added now-the pony of the Indian who had died on Bertie's spear—and surveyed the fallen rock. It was about thirty feet high, and, while being jammed in between the dian pony following them of his own volition. two rocks as firmly and evenly as a wall of masonry, still left enough space underneath for the small stream to flow uninterruptedly; and there were a few crevices, which formed natural loop holes, through which they could look out upon the plain beyond.

'I can see nothing, Josh," said Bertie, looking through e of the crevices. "The entrance to the canon, and the one of the crevices.

plain beyond appear to be entirely deserted."
"Wait till I crawl up an' take a quiet squint, mistis,"
said Josh. "Dere's no tellin' where dese cusses am snoozin' aroun'. Dey is cunnin' as rattlesnakes, an' sharpsighted as buzzards.

He made his way to the top of the rock, and peered cautiously over. He had no sooner done so than an arrow whizzed by his head so closely as to carry away a goodsized tuft of wool from just over his ear; and he speedily

descended, rubbing the side of his head rather ruefully.

"Pooty hot up dere, Mistis Bertie," said he. "Dere's lot ob 'em sneakin' aroun jist outside ob de canon." "Dere's a

"What are we to do?" exclaimed his young mistress,

clasping her hands.

"Jist wait; dat's what we hab to do, mistis. You see, dey t'ink dey got us run to earth here, an' dat we want to come out. Dey'll git tired arter a while, an' come sneakin' up to de rock. You guard dat crack wid your zevolver, an' I'll take care ob dis one. When I gib de word pick out your coon an' fire. You ain't afeard to do did some unusual noise cause him to spring to his feet, and some cause him to spring to his feet, and some unusual noise cause him to spring to his feet, and some cause him to spring to his feet, and some cause him to spring to his feet, and some cause him to spring to his feet, and some cause him to spring to his feet, and some cause him to spring to his feet, and some cause him to spring to his feet, and some cause him to spring to his feet, and some cause him to spring to his word pick out your coon an' fire. You ain't afeard to do a little killin' now, are you?"
"No," said Bertie. "I see no other way to save our

lives.

fast-beating heart.

that the Indians must have given up the siege in disgust, when, one after another, four Indians on foot crept stealthily into the mouth of the crevice.

rock, as they had divested themselves of many articles of pursuit. accounterment, and seemed to be only armed with knives. This v and hatchets.

Josh waited till they got up almost to the rock, and then gave the word in a hoarse whisper.

Bertie's pistol and his own spoke almost at the same instant, and two of the savages sprang into the air with a yell, and fell dead. Their comrades turned in dismay, but another shot from the negro's revolver winged one of them in the shoulder before he could get out of the defile.

A loud chorus of yells arose outside of the canon, and pushed the whole band of Indians, apparently forgetting in their recovered sense enough to return to cover one fell dead and another mortally wounded under another unerring

"Hooray! Glory hallelujarum!" roared Josh.
up, mistis! Keep your pistol full."

"Do not fear for me, Josh," said the brave girl, who had grown wonderfully cool and collected.

But it soon became evident that the Indians had had chorus of agonizing yells told of the destruction which it on one side, and presently they heard them trot away over wrought. When many yards distant a portion

skins!" cried Josh, springing for his rifle.

The range was a very long one, but drawing a steady bead through the aperture he fired, and had the satisfaction of seeing another savage reel from his saddle, while

de sun will squat in two hours; de nights drop quick in holes like dis, an' we must git as fur troo de canon as we kin."

They mounted their steeds and pressed forward, the In-

This was the same canon which had been traversed on the previous night and on that same day by Long Sapling with his prisoner. It grew broader and easier of travel as they proceeded; and presently, just as the last faint gleam of twilight was fading from the defile, they came upon the very cavern in which Markham and his captors had passed a portion of the preceding night, and where they now decided to rest and await the dawn of another

Under the circumstances they would not have built a fire if they had had the requisite materials, of which, how-

ever, there were none in the canon.

They sparingly ate from the contents of the remaining haversack, and then Josh made of the blankets a comfortable couch in the back of the cave for his mistress, he retaining but one blanket for himself, wrapped up in which he threw his huge form across the mouth of the cavern, which had also been found large enough in which to stall the horses, for which, however, there was no food.

The negro is generally conceded to be a very sound sleeper, but Josh could certainly prove himself an excep-

tion to this rule upon occasion.

and grasp his rifle, and strain his eyes to pierce the impenetrable gloom.

Toward morning it began to rain—the same rainfall And she cocked her pistol, in the use of which she was which young Markham encountered upon effecting his shoroughly at home, and waited with steady nerves but a escape from the stake, for this was that very night-and the noise of the water dripping and dashing down the They waited nearly an hour, and Bertie began to think sides of the precipices from the plateaus thousands of feet overhead, reverberated loudly and dismally through the canon; but the light of the cloudy morning slowly pierced ealthily into the mouth of the crevice. its way into the depths, without bringing evidences that Their object was evidently to endeavor to scale the the Indians at the mouth of the crevice had taken up a

This was gratifying, but it was still necessary that they

should push forward without delay.

Awaking his mistress, who arose considerably bewildered but much refreshed, Josh produced the remaining the he. by roi jus

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contents of his haversack for their breakfast. afterward they were mounted, and pushing their way, which was now rendered more difficult than upon the preceding day, on account of the rain having greatly swollen the stream, which ran turbid and swift, and fre-

nearing its extremity

Presently they caught a glimpse of the beautiful green moved cautiously forward to reconnoiter, while Bertie tioned his mistress to fall back and dismount. took charge of the horses, and waited.

"I t'ink it am all right, mistis," said Josh, on his return. "Dere's only 'bout half a dozen wigwams, an' no one roun' dem but squaws an' young uns."
"What is the best to do?"

"Ride right in among dem, slap-dash, an' find out what we kin," said Josh. "We kin make tracks afore de Injuns come back, or fight, 'cording to de lay ob de groun'."

Taking the primary precaution of looking well to the condition of their arms, they at once acted upon this suggestion, and dashed out into the valley, and in among the wigwams, to the great consternation of the squalid in-

They were not long in finding out the state of affairs, including the events of the preceding night, the seemingly miraculous escape of the prisoner from the blazing stake, his escape up the rocky side of the plateau, and of the general pursuit which had been set on foot early on the

morning of that very day.

Being pretty well satisfied, from what they heard, that the pursuers would not immediately return, they made bold to remain in the valley for several hours, and permit their horses to recuperate their energies upon the rich

herbage with which it was covered. They then set forth again, intending to gain the plateau

by a circuitous route, it being impossible to ride up by the route which Markham had taken.

They had not proceeded more than a mile, and were just beginning to make their way upward by a series of zigzags, when they suddenly came upon three Indians—a portion of the pursuing band returning to their homes who were descending into the valley on foot, and narrowly escaped with their lives as, three arrows simultaneously whizzed by their heads.

"Jump off an' stan' behind your hoss, mistis!" cried Jingo Josh, bringing one of the assailants down with his revolver, while the two others sped by him in their flight

down the steep.

One of these, however, he disabled by a shot in the

leaps, and, as he turned half around in desperation, he shiatin' pleasure on bote sides," said Josh, who straight-received the hunter's knife in his heart, and plunged way gave the sergeant a hurried account of the advendown among the rocks with a piercing shriek.

"Let de udder varmint go an' tell de squaws," muttered Josh, coming back, puffing and blowing, to where his mistress was standing, and turning a moment to look after the vanishing form of the remaining Indian, who

shoulder as he went.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE RESCUE.

They soon reached the broad, broken floor of the plateau, and pushed rapidly forward along the edge of the chasm-as Markham had done five or six hours beforefor only an hour of daylight was remaining.

Just before sunset, by the negro's advice, they turned their horses' heads away from the chasm, and striking across the plain for a considerable distance, found a huge bowlder, under the lee of which they could pass the night.

The rays of the same sun that aroused Markham, scarcely two miles from the rock where his faithful sweet-

Shortly heart slept, to find himself a second time a captive, aroused Bertie and Josh at an early hour.

The sun was over two hours high when they again mounted and proceeded on their way, the Indian pony following as before without being solicited.

quently coming up to the knees of the stumbling horses. At about noon, with the yawning chasm of the canon At about noon the canon broadened, and its sides grew still seaming the ground irregularly on their right, the more depressed, and it became evident that they were way grew more broken and difficult, and they began ascending the sloping side of another and higher plateau.

valley in which the wigwams of Long Sapling and his they had traversed, and as Josh was rising over the edge adherents were situated. Jingo Josh dismounted, and he suddenly drew rein, with a swift exclamation, and me It was not more than a hundred feet higher than the one

"What is the matter now, in Heaven's name?" she

asked, as he came back leading his horse.

"Wait a minute, mistis," said he, making the bridles of the three horses fast to a rock, while she noticed an unwonted glitter in his eyes.

He then took her by the hand an led her up the steep. "Now, show as little ob your bootiful head as possible, an' look ober de plain," said he.

"Why, there are the Indians!" she exclaimed; "and—and, as I live, that must be Markham in their midst."

"Dat am a fac', an' no mistake," said Josh, with a grin. Sure enough, they saw a band of about a score of Indians riding leisurely away about a mile distant, and among them the bare-headed figure of a man in a military coat. "Look!" said Josh, "dey is 'bout to halt an' cook dere

hash, I reckon.

It really seemed so, and they continued to curiously watch their movements, uncertain what course to pursue, when another exclamation from the negro-this time an exclamation pregnant with joyful hope—caused his mistress again to turn.

"Look!" he said, with breathless eagerness, and at the same time pointing over the lower plain which they had

traversed, only far to the left of their route.

"Merciful Heaven! are those more Indians?" cried Bertie, as she vaguely descried the distant figures of a group of horsemen apparently riding directly toward them.

"No; Injuns nebber ride like dat!" cried Jingo Josh, joyfully. "Dem am de sojers!"

"What! are you sure?" said Bertie, pressing her hand

to her side to still the sudden leaping of her heart.

"You bet, mistis! An' now de best t'ing we kin do is to meet dem an' let 'em know how de lan' lays. If I ain't monstrous mistaken, I'd hate fur to be in one ob dem Injun's moccasons in about an hour from dis.

They descended the slope again, and rode out to meet the troops as fast as their jaded steeds could be urged, Bertie scarcely able to contain herself for joy.

"Holy shmoke!" exclaimed Sergeant Flynn, with an asshoulder, and then, knife in hand, bounded after the other, like a tiger after his prey.

The Indian fled like a startled deer, not daring to essay another attempt with his bow and arrow; but the Black Scout speedily overtoook him with his long, irresistible

Tory shinoke. Exclaimed Sergeant Flyin, with an associated by a shot in the flory shinoke. Exclaimed Sergeant Flyin, with an associated by a shot in the flory shinoke. Exclaimed Sergeant Flyin, with an associated stare, as Bertie and her sable companion came riding up, while every member of his little command was equally amazed. "Do me eyes desayve me? The Queen av the Canons and the Black Scout!"

"Yes, Massa Flynn, an' it am a mootoal an' most 'scrushing and the sable companion came riding up, while every member of his little command was equally amazed. "Do me eyes desayve me? The Queen av the Canons and the Black Scout!"

way gave the sergeant a hurried account of the adventures which his mistress and he had encountered, together with the present position of the Indians and their captive.
"It's cookin' their grub that the haythen savages are up

to now, is it?" exclaimed Flynn, enthusiastically. "Well, after the vanishing form of the remaining Indian, who we'll make a mince pie av their cascasses an' sarve it up was hobbling far down the slope, and rubbing his wounded for dessert. Go, both av ye, to the shpot where ye fust saw us, and in about twinty minutes, as near as ye can judge, ride over the top av the platow, and straight toward the haythens, as if ye meant to give yourselves up. By that time we will have craped upon 'em among the big rocks as near as we can, and we'll charge upon them all av a suddint, like a bundle of shillelahs at

Donnybrook Fair."

At the close of the prescribed twenty minutes, as near as they could judge, Bertie and Josh urged their steeds over the summit of the plateau, and, obedient to the sergeant's instructions, rode leisurely toward the Indian camp. The savages at first seemed to manifest considerable excitement at their appearance, but, deceived by their apparently peaceful intentions, soon settled quietly down about their fire, and awaited their approach

In the meantime Bertie, who could not get a glimpse of

part of the troops

"We'se best ride a little slower, mistis," said her com-mion, cheerily. "Cheer up! de troops am jist sneakin" panion, cheerily. tention to nobody but us.

slackened our pace has already made the Indians suspicious. Some of them are getting on their horses.

Josh did perceive this, and not without some misgivings cheering replies with which he was always so ready, a loud huzza burst upon them and upon the ears of the astonished Indians, and the troops broke from the cover of the great rocks, and charged the savages at full gallop.

The Indians, time to mount their ponies and seize their weapons before out of ear-shot, she also heard them perforce

the soldiers were directly upon them.

fierce, almost at the brink of the awful chasm.

took advantage of the general confusion, sprang to his say feet, and with his arms still bound, ran toward Bertie and Josh

"Bertie! Bertie! my angel!" he cried.

"Oh! oh! oh!" was all poor Bertie could say, as she leaned from her saddle and clasped his neck, sobbing as if

her heart would break.

"Here, massa cap'n!" said Jingo Josh, swiftly cutting his bonds. "Git on top ob dis pony as we brought express fur you, an' ride to one side with Mistis Bertie. You is too weak fur to fight. Leabe your lub-makin' fur annuder I'se got to tuk a han' in this scrimmage! time.

He dashed away as he spoke with his knife in one hand and his revolver in the other, while Markham, with some difficulty, mounted the pony and rode apart with Bertie.

The Indians, a number of whom were already killed or unhorsed, were slowly giving ground, and the fight was being pushed along the very verge of the abyss. whistled and arrows flew. The flash of the rising and falling sabers mingled with the glitter of tomahawk and knife. The shrill war-whoops of the Indians resounded in strange dissonance with the deep-toned shouts of their assailants.

But one trooper had fallen, and the remainder of the gallant band, with the valiant Flynn, who seemed imbued with all the fire and courage of his race, at their head,

were fighting like heroes.

But the principal figure of the fight, the observed alike of friend and foe, was Jingo Josh, the Black Scout. He had cast aside his pistol, and, with only his long, heavy knife in his right hand, and with his massive arm bared to the shoulder, and his woolly head bound with a bright red bandana handkerchief, he towered a head and shoulders above most of his compeers, and seemed the very incarnation of relentless war.

Everything seemed to go down before him.

Human resistance, whether savage or civilized, seemed incapable of standing up against such tremendous fighting The soldiers sent up an enthusiastic cheer, and the savages shrank back appalled.

"Hooray! now is our time, b'ys!" shouted Sergeant

Flynn

But the Indians broke in the direct disorder as the soldiers charged them, and the battle was virtually at an officer, drawing a long breath. end.

CHAPTER XVII.

A NEW STATE OF AFFAIRS AT RED RANCH.

In spite of his joy and gratitude at having escaped from a cruel captivity, Markham was not without misgivings, as, at the head of his little band, with Bertie at his side, he approached the neighborhood of Red Ranch at which was, in substance, similar to that related by the about noon of the following day.

The different bands of undisguisedly hostile Indians which had been encountered by Bertie, and Josh, the ing the romantic expedition of Miss Bounty and her sable soldiers, and himself, in their several wanderings, in-follower.

her lover, grew very nervous as they neared the Indians, dicated that a great war movement was on foot among and there were still no signs of the promised attack on the nearly all the Arizona tribes. Might they not have made another combined attack on the ranch and the camp during his captivity? If so, what might have been the result? He knew his subordinate, Lieutenant the result? up behind de big rocks dar, an' de Injuns aint payin' no Granger, to be a gallant officer, with some experience as an Indian fighter, but he had scarcely fifty men under "Yes," said Bertie, fearfully. "But see! Our having him, and this was but a scant handful to the large force which the Indians, acting in concert, could muster against

Besides, the ranch itself might have been taken by suron his own part; but before he could fabricate one of the prise, which would deprive the military of the assistance which they might otherwise have received from the peons of the ranch, and the hardy trappers and hunters in its

vicinity

He could not refrain from mentioning these misgivings however, though taken by surprise, had to Sergeant Flynn, and as Bertie spiritedly refused to go

'Sure, and it's the same I've been thinking of meself, A moment later and the combat was raging, wild and erce, almost at the brink of the awful chasm.

Markham, being wholly unarmed, and not wishing to the divils, there's no tellin' how many of them there are Markham, being wholly unarmed, and not wishing to the divils, there's no tellin' how many of them there are take his chances between the whizzing bullets and arrows, at all, at all. But of course the only thing is to wait and

> This conversation was, of course, not very soothing to Bertie, but she had the good sense not to make an exhibi-

tion of her fears.

In a short time they found their apprehensions at least partially well-founded. While approaching the summit of the last ridge that overlooked the junction of the two rivers, they encountered a trooper who had been detai'zd as a lookout by Lieutenant Granger.

The soldier was overjoyed to meet his comrades, and to see his commanding officer alive and well, but he met their

questions with confused and hesitating replies.

"Speak out, Baldwin," said Captain Markham. "What has happened? We have seen hard times ourselves, and are prepared for anything. Has the camp been again at tacked

"Not the camp, captain; but the—the ranch was, night afore last," said the soldier, still hesitating, and turning

an uneasy look at Bertie.
"Do not think of me," said the young girl, mastering her emotion by a great effort.
—dead?" "My father! he-he-is-not

"No miss," said the trooper, reassured by her calmness, but he is badly wounded, though our surgeon is taking fust-rate care of him, and thinks it will be all right. he went on, obedient to a sign from Markham, while the entire band gathered around him, "a big party of red-skins crossed the Rio Virgin night afore last, at midnight, and began to stampede the hosses and mules which the squire always kept herded at night up in the canon back of the ranch. The squire and his peons made an awful fight for the animals, and that young Texan feller they call senor, he fit like a tiger-cat, but the Indians were too much for them. They not only stole more than half the squire's hosses and mules, but they run off lots of sheep and cattle, and burnt down all the outlying huts and a part of the ranch itself. Six peons were killed and the squire wounded. For some reason we were not notified in time, but some on us got up as the last of the redskins were fording the stream, and killed half a dozen of them. They were so numerous that the lieutenant would not permit a pursuit.

"Are you camped at the same place?" demanded the

No, sir; the lieutenant ordered the camp to be moved yesterday. It's now on the peninsula right alongside the

The ruins of the huts were still smoking as they dashed

down the ridge toward the ford.

While Bertie, with the faithful Josh directly behind her, went at once into the house to see her father, Markham accompanied Granger into their tent.

The lieutenant gave in detail an account of the attack, picket, and listened, almost incredulously, to the narrative of his superior officer's adventures, and those attend-

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ttendsable "It is strange that you were not notified in time to come through thick and thin, and of course hasn't made a up here and attack the Indian thieves in full force," bosom friend of the little senor in consequence. In fact,

said Markham.

"It is," assented Granger, "and but for the brave and desperate manner in which this Senor Camargo is generally conceded to have fought the Indians, I would suspect him of having purposely withheld information of the attack from me."

"I am so dazed by all these things you recount to me, that I must have time for reflection, my dear fellow," said Markham. "In the meantime, I shall go up behind the chaparral and take a wash. As you may guess, I need to be discovered."

"He must have done so. Depend upon it, his fighting was all a sham!" exclaimed the captain, fiercely clenching his hand at the remembrance of his wrongs. "Did he not forge the message that befooled me into the enemy's plete change of clothes laid out for you by the time you come heals."

"I still think so myself; but he denies it point-blank."
"Denies it!" echoed Markham, in astonishment. "Why,
how can he possibly do so? Did not the treacherous

"It may be that she was," said the other; "but there's the rub. The little Anita cannot be found. She disappeared on the very morning that her mistress quitted the ranch, escorted by the Black Scout, and nothing has been heard or seen of her since. I showen the note to Camargo, in the presence of his uncle, and he seemed perfectly something less picturesque, than a la Queen of the Canons, something less picturesque, than a la Queen of the Canons, sipate the troubled look of her pale face. She was accompanied by Mr. Bounce, her father's law-yer, who at once impressed her lover favorably. He held out his hand, introduced himself and the study of the control of the Canons, sipate the troubled look of her pale face. She was accompanied by Mr. Bounce, her father's law-yer, who at once impressed her lover favorably. in the presence of his uncle, and he seemed perfectly stunned.

I never saw this before,' said he. 'Where is Anita? Send her here, and force her to tell who prepared this ant. infernal trap for Captain Markham.'

"Trust me, however, he is one, and nothing else," said Markham, whose train of thought had nevertheless been considerably disturbed by what he had heard. "Is Mr. Bounty severely wounded?"

"He will not get over it, my boy," replied Granger, in a low voice. "The doctor secretly told me as much, saying, that he might linger for days but that eventually he

ing that he might linger for days, but that eventually he would go under. He received an arrow—a chance shot, I fancy—through the left lung, and suffers excruciatingly."

Poor Bertie!" sighed the other.

"I sympathize with her greatly," Granger went on; but you know she will be a great heiress, although this ranch is completely played out and stripped of nearly all "How the duse will she be a great heiress, then?"

"I forgot how ignorant you were of what has transpired during the past few days. Early in the morning of day before yesterday, the day before the attack on the ranch a lawyer chap came up here from the fort. He was all the way from New Orleans, and brought intelligence to the squire that all of his immense sugar and cotton plantations in Texas and Louisiana, which were thought to have confiscated by the United States Government, were still intact and held by his lawyers in his name, it having been fully proved by them that the squire was at heart a Union man throughout the war, although, on account of his having buried himself out here, and concealing his real name at the same time, they were not able until recently to discover his whereabouts.

Markham could scarcely credit what he heard, and sat looking dreamily at his friend, without a word of com-

came to my tent with his lawyer and told me all about it—much to the apparent chagrin of the little senor—and even told me his real name. It is Pierre de Vaney. He is the head of the great De Vaney family of Louisiana.

The of Your escape he seemed so startled that I could not at first tell whether he was glad or sorry. He then said that he was overjoyed at your escape, but troubled for fear that you had all along misjudged him, and ascribed wrong motives to him."

What do you think of that, my boy?

"But the best joke of all," rattled on Granger, "is that the lawyer believes, and said as much, that the little senor knew all about his uncle's good luck before he came daughter and secure the fortune, don't you see?"

The squire didn't exactly fall in with this idea, but the lawyer—who, by the way, is a jolly little fellow, with a bald head, a genteel thirst for milk-punches, and able to tell a good story and crack a good joke—stuck to it wounded to the quick. "Oh, it is ever so with the arro-

bosom friend of the little senor in consequence.

come back.

Markham did not see Bertie again until late in the afternoon, when he met her near his tent.

She had also refreshed herself with a bath and proper little minx, Anita, bring me the message? And is she food, and was attired in a costume more appropriate, if

Markham upon his return from captivity in tones so cheerful and hearty as to banish at once any suspicion of affectation, and then went into the tent to see the lieuten-

Yes, dearest; Granger has told me everything," said "Of course the girl was not found. And so the affair the captain, taking Bertie's hand in his and leading her remains. If Juan is an actor, he is a thorough one, I am toward the bank of the near-flowing stream, before she could speak to him of what had happened, as she had intended to do. "Everything has so changed that it seems like a dream. But how is your father?"

"Asleep now, and apparently resting easier. But oh, Jasper! I fear—I fear—"

"Nay, nay dearest. Let us hope for a happier end."
"It is hoping against hope, I fear," said she, controlling herself with that strong will which seemed ever to stand her in such good stead. "And, Jasper, he has always a great deal toward you. He like we will now and stand her in such good stead. "And, Jasper, he has changed a good deal toward you. He likes you now, and makes no concealment of it." makes no concealment of it.

His pressure of her hand showed her how much this

announcement rejoiced him.

"But," she continued, "he still likes Juan, and will listen to no suspicion against him, and Juan is with him constantly."

"Of course!" exclaimed her lover, with bitter emphasis. "What do you think of Anita's disappearance, Jasper?" "What do you think?

"I think she has fled to the mountains—back to her people, you know—through fear of my resentment."

And I suspect that she has been put out of the way, in short, murdered, to rid Juan Camargo of the only witness to his treachery!" cried Markham. "Oh!" he continued, fiercely, as a look of horror and incredulity sprang into Bertie's face at this accusation of her cousin; what other way can you account for it? Who else but he could have imitated your handwriting so skillfully, and led me into that trap, from which it was never dreamed that I would escape alive? Granger has the missive still

in his possession, and will show it to you, if you desire."

"Oh, I don't know what to believe!" exclaimed the girl, clasping ber hands. "Maybe Juan is not so bad as "The squire could hardly contain himself for joy at this circumstances make him appear. He was, to all appearintelligence, notwithstanding his grief at the uncertainty of his daughter's fate," continued the lieutenant. "He of your escape he seemed so startled that I could not at

"The hypocrite!"

"My father-"Ay, what said he?"

senor knew all about his uncle's good luck before he came here, and only kept him in the dark so as to marry the daughter and secure the fortune, don't you see?"

"Oh, he was so glad to hear that you were alive and well; and when I briefly told him of the sufferings through which you had passed, the tears rolled down his thin cheeks. He said that, now that he was rich, he was

I am a true man and a soldier, and for every wound. want not his money.

"And yet, Markie, dear," said Bertie, very softly, and only spare twelve men, who would proceed as an escort, drooping her head with coy modesty, "if I am rich, how under Captain Markham and Sergeant Flynn. can you expect to remain poor, and-and, at the same

He interrupted her by catching her in his arms. "Does he really favor me that far?" he exclaimed.

"He certainly did not signify that he disfavored you in any way whatever," she replied. "But now let me go; I must run back to him. See, there is Lieutenant Granger and Mr. Bounce coming out of the tent to look for you."

But before he reached the tent Jingo Josh crossed his path, apparently in a great hurry.

"Where now, Josh?

"'Scuse me, massa! I'se a nuss now. I'se takin' keer part he had played at the ranch. ob Brazos Bob.

'Wh-a-t's the matter with him?"

"He got hit in the fight, an' am down here in an ole Sort ob 'lirious, out ob his head, you know," said Josh, tapping his head with his finger.

And you are nursing him?

"Wall, massa, how kin I help it? Nobody else keers Must treat him like a Christain, you know. And Josh hurried away on his mission of mercy.

CHAPTER XVIII.

INTO THE JAWS OF DEATH.

Two weeks after the remarkable eyents related in the last chapter, a large cavalcade was moving down the left bank of the Colorado River toward Fort Mahave.

The Red Ranch was a thing of the past. Pierre de "What is Vaney, its founder, slept the last sleep beneath the fertile lover's side. soil of the little peninsula, in which so much of our story has had its scene.

The caravan, as it would be more proper to call it, consisted of about a dozen covered wagons, drawn by mules, with numerous peon teamsters and others, and guarded in front and rear by the cavalrymen, who had broken up their camp in the vicinity of the deserted ranch.

Miss Bertie de Vaney was on her way to Fort Mohave, to secure a military escort for herself and effects across the great wilderness to Santa Fe, whence she intended to proceed as rapidly as possible to New Orleans, by way of St. Louis.

Enough mules, horses, and rolling stock had been gathered together to meet the requirements of such a journey, and following the train was a great herd of horned cattle—what the Indians had left of the vast Bounty herd-which were to be disposed of at the military posts.

Bertie herself rode on horseback, disdaining the advice which had been kindly offered her to ride in one of the

lighter wagons instead.

Markham and Granger were most of the time with the troops, as it was their duty to be. Mr. Bounce rode at her side, doing his best to divert her thoughts into cheerful channels, while Jingo Josh jogged along behind her like the faithful body-guard that he was. Mrs. Hornett had ensconced herself in one of the wagons; and, riding a little apart, was Juan Camargo, attended by Brazos Bob, who had recovered from his wound and fever, but considerably the worse for the wear.

At about noon of the third day of the journey, the

train arrived at Fort Mohave.

Here an agreeable surprise was in waiting for Markham, and of course his friends were almost as much pleased as

The colonel commanding not only promised him an escort for Miss de Vaney's train, but presented him with had to be conveyed across in separate trips. a brevet commission of major, just received, together with a six months' furlough, to date from the day he should arrive at Santa Fe.

It really seemed to the young officer now that fortune was beginning to smile upon him in earnest, after coquetting with him so long and cruelly

gant and rich. They think that a golden plaster is a cure | pleted for setting out upon the hazardous seven hundred miles of travel intervening between Fort Mohave and The commanding officer decided that he could Santa Fe.

The number of wagons were reduced to nine, which left so many more spare animals to be used in case of an

emergency, and other changes were made.

There was one individual in the train who had made use of the delay at the fort with his customary shrewdness and energy. This was Juan Camargo.

He had sedulously cultivated the society of the officers and their families, using his accomplishments and attrac-She broke away from him and ran toward the house. | tive qualities with such success that he had made himself quite popular among them, and even won some sympathy as some were disposed to call it, for for his "hard luck," as some were disposed to call it, for no one was willing to acquaint them with the unenviable

So, at the hour of the departure, though he found himself treated with the same cold courtesy on the part of his fellow-travelers which had so galled him before, he found himself sustained by a secret satisfaction with himself, and rising hopes for what the future and the acci-

dents of travel might bring forth.

It was a hot and sultry morning when the De Vaney train, as it was called, quitted the little fort, and, with the little band of cavalrymen in the lead, began to wind through the rocky passes to the east of the Colorado. For twenty days the train rolled along its wearisome way, now and then beset by savages, and occasionally forced to undergo privations that would have compelled weaker hearts to succumb.

At last, as the travelers were piercing an exceptionally deep and gloomy defile, a distant roaring greeted them,

which grew gradually louder as they went on.

"What is that?" said Bertie, who was riding at her

"Dat, mistis," said Josh, overhearing the question, "am de Chiquito Ribber plungin' into de canons. No one ebber goes into dem canons an' comes back. Dey is two No one miles deep, an' dey beat de canons ob de Colorado all

The roar of the waters grew louder as they proceeded, and presently they came in sight of the river itself. gloomy forebodings were almost instantly dispelled by the tame and comparatively easy aspect of the point of

The trail led down to a broad and sandy beach, strewn here and there with fragments of rock, and the shore on the other side was almost equally inviting. The river, at this point, about one hundred yards wide, flowed swiftly through its banks, but not dangerously so until it approached the mouth of the gorge, about an eighth of a mile below, into which it plunged with a hollow roar; but the gorge itself was partially concealed from view at this point by a rocky cape which made a great bend in the river.

A sectional flat-boat, bought especially for the purpose, was put together and launched. Its dimensions were about twenty-five by ten feet. By means of a light line, conveyed across by some peons who swam the stream, a stout rope was drawn over, and this was made fast on either side, high up among the rocks, the center of the cable almost touching the water in the middle of the stream. The ferry was then complete, the boat being passed from one side to the other by a number of men seizing the cable and working their way hand over hand.

The ladies and soldiers were first passed over. animals were then swum across, the men in the boat holding them by halters as they swam. Then came the more difficult task of ferrying the wagons over. be taken one at a time, and even this so loaded down the boat that in several cases the wagons and their contents

It was about the middle of the afternoon of the second x day that the ferriage was completed, with the except of a few traps belonging to Captain Markham, who had determined to be the last to make a final crossing. He Over a week elapsed before the preparations were com- had, however, been on the other side a number of times,

had seen the ladies comfortable, and the camp fairly pitched in a strip of beautiful country, which gave evidence not only of small game but of buffalo.

Josh and Sergeant Flynn were with him on this last They threw in their few remaining traps, consistprepared to pull out into the stream.

"All aboard!" sang out Jingo Josh. "Han' ober han'
an' all together!"

They grasped the cable and made their way slowly hand over hand out upon the bosom of the swift waters, there being no one in view on the opposite shore, the camp having been made a few rods back to benefit by the shade of a little grove of cotton-wood trees.
"Heabe away!" shouted the Black Scout cheerily, and

the boat rose and fell on the rushing tide.

But just as they reached the middle of the stream there sounded a sharp thwack like the twanging cord of a bowbow of the boat swinging down stream.

"Heavens and earth!" cried Markham; "the line has parted!" gun, and the line suddenly slackened in their grasp, the

Flynn uttered a loud yell for assistance.

Josh alone was cool though pretty thoroughly scared.

The rope had parted on the farther shore, and as they still retained their hold the boat was swinging in upon the rocky cape with frightful violence.

"Let go the rope or we'll be dashed to pieces!" roared

Markham.

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As they obeyed him, in a stupid, mechanical way, he seized one of the oars, which luckily lay in the bottom of the boat, and plunging it over the stern, steered again out into the stream, whose terrible current bore them along a cork toward the entrance of the gorge, whose appalked walls now loomed before them, gloomy and awful as the gates of death.

of them instinctively seized an oar, and assisted

in steadying the craft as it bounded forward.

"There's no time for sniveling!" cried the young officer.

"We've got to run through the canon."

A single glance behind showed that their comrades were aware of their disaster. Aroused by Flynn's cry for help, nearly every member of the camp hurried to the river's

Markham caught one glimpse of Bertie, her face as white as snow, and her hands stretched despairingly toward him.

The next instant the blessed sunlight faded behind them,

and they plunged into the gorge.

The stream had narrowed, after entering the ravine, to a width of scarcely fifty yards. The precipices arose per-pendicularly on either side to a height of several thousand feet, and though the sunlight was still bright upon the outside world, their rugged bases were enveloped in a ghostly twilight, through which the arrowy river surged, and flashed, and darkled with a continuous roar.

Agonized, desperate, heart-broken, as he was, at the disaster which had so suddenly, to all appearances, cut him off irrevocably from love, and life, and hope—torn, moreover, with a suspicion that he was not altogether the victim of an accident, but was again the dupe of a conspiracy on the part of his enemy, Markham yet rose equal the emergency, and with a determination to fight for

life to the last. "Hold hard now, and lie low! We're coming to a

Markham plunged his rudder-oar deep into the water, but the boat hardly needed any guideance. Straight as an arrow, and almost as swift, it shot toward the cataract, whose noise grew deafening as they neared it, and whose pray glistened on high.

was about twelve feet high, but the boat shot over it hard shock upon the surface of the comparatively still gripped his oar like a vise, and his voice rang out as clear without injury though its flat bottom came down with a

water that swirled and darkled below.

CHAPTER XIX.

"SHOOTING" THE CANON.

By skillfully plying their oars, the voyagers of the canon were enabed to remain for some time in the quiet basin at the foot of the cataract, out of reach of the swift current which again resumed its arrowy speed a short distance lower down.

They looked around in vain for a landing-place. On either hand the precipices sheered down into the deep water almost as evenly and straight as artificial masonry could have done; but nevertheless, they took advantage of the comparative rest afforded them, and were enabled to recover in a measure from the breathless excitement which had so nearly unnerved them at first.

"We'll have to keep on down until we come to a resting-place for the night," said Markham.

"Massa cap'n," said Josh, after some moments of meditation, "does you tink it war an accident?"

'My mind is in a whirl when I recall it; I scarcely ow what to think. What is your opinion, Josh?"

know what to think. What is your opinion, Josh?" "Cap'n," said the Black Scout, slowly and solemnly, "it wa'n't no accident. Dat ere rope nebber broke-it was cut!

'Marciful powers!" was Flynn's horror-struck com-

ment.

'By Heaven, I have suspected as much!" exclaimed Markham.

'I know it, massa. I seed de end ob dat rope jist afore we let go ob it. It wa'n't torn nor ragged as if it had broke, or been sawed into by de edge of a rock. It war cut clean off, an' it war cut by a sharp knife."

Neither Markham nor Flynn said a word.

"Cap'n," continued Josh, still speaking slowly and de-liberately, "I looked back ober de stern ob de boat—dat is, afore de people come runnin' down to de ribber-an' I seed somebody jist disappearin' behind de rock whar de rope war made fast, an' whar it busted away."

Who was it?" exclaimed the captain, with trembling

eargerness.

I only seed de back ob his shirt, cap'n; but it war a blue-striped shirt, an' dere's only one cuss in de camp as owns sich a shirt, an' that cuss is Brazos Bob."

"I suspected as much!" groaned Markham. "Oh, just Heaven! let me but live to meet my foe once more!" "You know, massa cap'n, how I nussed Bob when he

was sick?

Yes; the more fool you!"

"Well, cap'n," said Josh, with emphasis, "de nex' time

I meet him, I'll nuss him while he's well!"
"Bedad! though," interrupted the sergeant, "perhaps yees be countin' your chickens afore they are hatched. The best thing to do is to get out of this infarnal hole as spadily as possible.'

You're right," said Markham. "Life first, and revenge afterward. Hold hard now, for I'm about to steer into the current. Huzza!"

Again they dashed through the cliffs at race-horse speed, and leaping a small cataract at almost every hundred yards. But presently, a roaring sound, distinctly audible above the steadier noise constantly produced by the river and its cascades, apprised them that they must be nearing the verge of a fall far greater than any they had yet encountered.

At last it swelled up like thunder, echoing through the canon with terrific vibrations, and looking forward, they saw the river leaping down in one mass of snow-white foam, while they were almost blinded by clouds of spray

Markham was very white, but he set his teeth hard, and

as a clarion.

"Hold hard, my hearties! Brace yourselves for the

At that instant the boat shot over the fall. It seemed to dance in the air for a breath of time, and then fell with a

But it fell right side up, and though all of its occupants

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were instantly prostrated by the force of the concussion,

they felt themselves afloat upon the waters.
"Hurrah!" cried Markham, staggering to his feet in time to recover his oar as it was being swept away. was a clean jump of twenty-five feet. Why, boys, if we can stand that we can stand anything!"

"See, massa! dere is a place to land!" said Josh, point-

ing to a little strip of pebbly beach at the base of one of the precipices, and almost at the base of the cataract and almost unnerved, he looked around in vain for

up on the beach.
"Well, we're not dead yet; that is some comfort," said the captain.

They had no fuel with which to build a fire, and no food to eat; but luckily they had their blankets, and wrapping themsleves in these, they lay down, with the head from a fragment of the boat, but quickly rallied thunder of the cataract in their ears, to sleep if possible, but at any rate, to await the breaking of another day.

When the captain and sergeant awoke on the following morning the uncertain twilight invested their surroundings, although, upon casting their looks above, they could see that bright daylight was abroad upon the upper world. But they were chiefly interested in Jingo Josh, who was kneeling at the water's edge, and chuckling to himself, apparently in great glee. He had improvised some fishing-gear from a piece of twine and a stout pin hook, which he was baiting with a lively tadpole he had succeeded in capturing in a crevice of the rock, while a little wood-fire sparkled and cracked near at hand.

"How did you manage all that?" asked Markham, slowly rising.

"Oh! easy as rollin' off a log," guffawed the negro. some ole staves in the bottom of de boat an' soon raised a conflagrashurum from snappin' my pistol.

Den I seed some nice fish jumpin' aroun' an' I cotched a tadpole an' made ready to cotch one fish sure. Look at

They needed but to follow the direction of his pointing finger as he spoke to see several bright fish leap out of the water in their play

"May all the fishermen's saints aid ye in your ixcillent work!" murmured Flynn; "for if my mimory does not desave me to-day is Friday and I'm that hungry that I could ate the whale that Jonah swallowed. But whisht,

man! that was a big one jumped thin."
"Dere won't be much trouble" said Josh. "Dese must be oncivilivezd fish down here-kind ob unsophisticated, you know. Dere! Didn't I tole you so?'

Sure enough he landed a two-pounder at the first cast. "Salmon by the holy shmoke!" cried Flynn seizing the struggler with an eager hand.

Leave him alone till I get a mess," said Josh, gruffly. In a few minutes he had secured two more fish, upon which the party managed to make a hearty repast, which raised their spirits amazingly. It is astonishing what effect even the rudest meal has upon a hungry man and with what renewed energy it inspires him.

In a few minutes all hands were busily and almost cheer fully preparing to renew their desperate voyage, the bare thought of which at that hour of the preceding day would have caused them the utmost trepidation.

A thorough examination of the boat showed that, though it was somewhat strained, it had suffered no material damage, and once more consigning themselves to the care of Providence, they pushed out into the stream, and were soon dancing down upon their extraordinary course.

It is not necessary to describe the perils of our friends as their boat shot swiftly down the canon, now rudely jarred by some half-sunken rock, now leaping a cataract, and requiring the closest attention and care to save the rude vessel from destruction.

As they plunged on and on, the current grew swifter and swifter

The murmur swelled into a vague rumbling, and then do you?"
to a troubled roar. The water frothed upon hidden "You make me very happy by those words," into a troubled roar. stones, the mist of the tumbling waters arose before them with its glittering sheen.

"We are approaching a deep cataract. Lie low and brace for the shock!" shouted Markham, and the next moment they made the leap.

This was the expiring effort of the boat which had borne them so bravely and so long.

She broke into fragments as she struck the water, and the occupants were obliged to swim for their lives. the terrible canon was passed, and the river now flowed leisurely through the sandy banks of what appeared to be an illimitable desert.

Markham was the first to gain the shore. Bewildered companions, until at length he saw Jingo Josh a consider-They soon effected a landing, and drew the boat high able distance down the stream, swimming with one hand and endeavoring with the other to keep above water the head of the sergeant, who had been rendered insensible by the shock. The captain speedily ran to their assistance and helped them on shore.

Flynn had received a severe contusion on the back of

and made light of it. Their guns had gone to the bottom of the river, and they recovered their blankets with difficulty; but they still had their revolvers in their belts, together with a supply of waterproof cartrides, which had not sustained any in-

It was about noonlay, and the sunshine fell with scorching heat upon the sandy plains, unrelieved by any green or living thing except their hapless selves.

Here, at least, we must leave them for the present, and follow the fortunes of the other characters in this "strange, eventful history.'

CHAPTER XX.

THE SPECTER IN THE DESERT.

Two days had elapsed since the disappearance of Cap tain Markham and his companions into the terrible canon of the Colorado Chiquito, and the train to which they had belonged was making its evening camp upon & grassy strip of land on the Rio Puerco, about forty miles from that crossing of the Chiquito, which had well-nigh proved a death-blow to our heroine's life and hope.

At the close of the second day the lawyer was taken sick, and had to take to one of the wagons, which Juan secretly rejoiced at, for it left the field entirely to himself, and he regarded Mr. Bounce with sincere and healthful

But Bounce had been observing everything, though he had held his peace, and now, at the close of the second day, the latter portion of which he had passed in one of the wagons, suffering much pain, he sent word to Miss de Vaney, requesting a few words with her.

Most of the people about the train were busy about the corral, when she made her appearance, and seated herself upon the whiffletrees of the wagon, so that he could converse with her from within. Though the pallor of her cheeks and the unconscious compression of the corners of her sweet mouth were eloquently expressive of her own suffering, she looked upon her friend with a pitying smile.

I would have come to you even if you had not sent for," said she, kindly. "I am very, very sorry that you me," said she, kindly. are unvell. Mr. Bounce."

"But a glance at your gentle face enables me to see that, young lady," said Bounce, whose face was flushed, and who was really much indisposed. said Bounce, whose face was very much gret my illness chiefly for your sake.

The tone of his voice was full of meaning. She was silent for some moments, and then said

"I think I know what you mean, and I appreciate your kindness, my friend. But, believe me, your solicitude about my welfare, in the way you mean, is premature. If, in my helplessness and desolation, I accept of the attentions of such a man as Juan Camargo, in order to relieve my aching heart, if that were possible, you don't suppose that I for one moment forget his real character,

Bounce, brightening up considerably. "But, hist! I have something important to say to you. In the first place, the rope, whose unfortunate parting caused Captain Mark-ham (pray, bear up now, like the brave girl you are!) to disappear in the canon, was not worn in two by chafing on cut, and purposely.

Bertie started, and placed her hand to her heart.
"Oh, are you sure?" she moaned.
"Why, I'd make my affidavit to it any day in the week. I examined the fragment of cable that adhered to the rock and it was cut off by a sharp knife as neatly as you would clip a thread with a pair of scissors. Depend upon it, it was the work of that Texan bully, and you know whose tool he is.

Bertie buried her face in her hands and shuddered, but she was still calm, only a trifle paler, when she raised her

face again.
"I believe you," said she, sadly. "But you had some-

thing else to say to me."

"Yes, my dear girl," said the lawyer, speaking in a low voice, but evidently laboring with excitement. "I am sick, as you see. It is because I have been poisoned."

She started, and then looked at him almost incredu-

'Do not question, but believe," said he, earnestly. "The cup of coffee that was given me this morning was not filled out of the general coffee-pot, as were the others, and it had a peculiarly bitter taste. I tell you it was poisoned, and either directly by Camargo or by your infernal parrot of a housekeeper, who has been in his interest all along, as you must have seen.

"Oh, what shall I do?—what can I do?" moaned Bertie,

armost everwhelmed.

222 can save me if you will."

"If I will?" she repeated, flashing up. "How dare you doubt my will to save you, after your kindness, your

goodness, your——"
"There, there! I didn't mean it. Well, listen. It wasn't meant to kill me with one dose, whatever it was they got into me. I already feel my constitution fighting it off. But hereafter do you bring me a portion of the same food and the same coffee you eat and drink yourself-there is no danger of that being poisoned-and I will

still play the sick man for a number of days for effect."
"Trust me, I will do so, my dear friend. I will watch over you as though you—you were my own father,

blurted out the poor girl, as she arose.

His only reply was the profound gratitude that beamed in his kind eyes. She made a movement to go away, and then returned and remained standing before him, with a world of sorrow in her questioning eyes.

I wish to ask you a question," said she, "and wish you first to promise me a perfectly sincere and unevasive

answer. Do you promise?"
"Yes," he replied, but with a very uncomfortable feeling, for he more than half anticipated what was coming.
"Do you think that Markham has escaped, or will

escape with his life, and that I shall ever see him again?"

"My dear girl, Providence has already befriended him so long, and-

"You promised me a direct answer, sir. Do you think

so, or do you not?"
"I do not!" he groaned, turning away his head so as to shut out the expression of her face, and when he looked again she was gone.

About two hours after noon of the fourth day they had quitted the Rio Puerco, and soon after came to the edge of

the great Moquis Desert.

Soon after going into camp a trooper who had been riding far in the advance, brought in intelligence that a number of Indians were out upon the plain, about five miles ahead.

The corporal—who, in the absence of his superiors, was now in command—at once set out to reconnoiter, taking all of the soldiers except two, who remained with the

wagons

Shortly after the departure of the soldiers a man, or the shadow of a man, rather, was seen approaching. drew near he was recognized as Markham, but so emaciated as to appear more like a specter than a man.

Bertie, with a piercing scream, rushed to her lover, who

fell, with a feeble moan, into her arms.

Her scream brought half a dozen teamsters running from the camp. They hardly recognized Markham in the hol-low-eyed, starved, and emaciated creature whose head strictly true.

the rock, as is generally supposed in the camp. It was Bertie supported in her arms, whose suffering face she watered with her tears.

They bore him to the camp, she following, among the rest, weeping and crying by turns, and with such a wild light in her eyes that the good lawyer feared for her reason.

CHAPTER XXI.

MARKHAM'S MISSION OF MERCY AND ITS RESULT.

A few hours after Markham's arrival at the camp won-

ders had been wrought in him. Food and brandy, together with a refreshing wash in the running stream, and a change of clothes, seemed to bring him back at least to half his former self.

He gave them a brief account of what had happened, and, after telling them that he had left his companions about ten miles back in the desert, unable to proceed farther, Jingo Josh having been disabled by the bite of a rattlesnake, he suddenly astonished them by saying that he must go back at once to their relief.

Bertie protested indignantly, and the others thought

that he was mad.

He would not listen to any opposition, not even from

In the meantime, when everything was arranged, Juan sought Brazos Bob, and took him away from the camp, up under the river-bank. Here Juan and Bob entered into an agreement by which Bob was to kill Markham for the sum of five hundred dollars down and five hundred more when they should meet at Fort Defiance or Santa Fe

Markham, excellently mounted, and accompanied by a peon with a pack-mule and two extra mules, set off for the relief of his starving companions just before sunset.

Bob had marked the direction taken by Markham, and with the superior animal that bore him had little difficulty in making a circuit and coming out a long ways ahead of him, and making his ambuscade accordingly

Brazos Bob chose his ground, and marked his prey after the manner of a man who had had much experience in the He tethered his horse among some business of murder. rocks, well off the line which he knew his victim would take, and then took up his own position in a little sandy gully which looked directly out upon the line of march.

The moon came out broad and bright, and the silence of the great desert was undisturbed until presently he heard the voice of the pack-mule driver urging on his beast, fol-lowed a moment later by the voice of Markham himself, who, now more than half way on his errand of mercy, was rapidly regaining something of his old buoyancy of spirit.

As they drew out on the plain in a line with the gully Bob drew a fine bead with his rifle and fired.

Markham uttered a despairing cry, and both he and his At the same time Bob charged steed rolled to the earth. out of the ravine with an Apache yell.

The peon stood for an instant paralyzed with fear, and then, leaving his master and the meles to their fate, he turned and took to his heels as though all the redskins in creation were in his wake.

A fearful blow was preparing to fall upon the little party who were waiting in the camp at daybreak for the return of Markham and his rescued companions.

The day slowly broke, but still they were alone. But just as the sun was beginning to show his face above the desert's edge a forlorn figure was seen approaching them from the direction whence Markham should come

It was the pack-mule driver. He looked forlorn and wretched in the extreme, as though he had lost his way and wandered far, and he staggered up to them with uncertain steps.

"Markham, your master, where is he? Speak!" gasped

Bertie, springing toward him.
"He is dead! Killed by the 'Paches!" was the grim

And Miss de Vaney, with a terrible shrick, fell sense-

less upon the ground.

Then the peon told his story, which, though strongly colored by his imaginary fears, he firmly believed to be ber of Apaches -he knew them to be Apaches by the peculiarity of the yell they gave; his master had fallen at the first fire, and he had taken to his heels, luckily succeeding in making his escape, though he had lost his way in the desert, and been wandering all night.

So the peon's story was generally accepted in the camp, and Miss de Vaney arose from the terrible shock she had sustained with a great vacancy in her life, which, even in her sorest trials, had at least been filled with hope—with the dreary desolation of spirit that he whom she loved must henceforth be regarded as a phantom of the past.

The train did not move on the day of the receipt of that fatal intelligence, however, and neither was the camp broken up on the following day.

The reason of this was the continued and unaccountable absence of the corporal and the eight soldiers, who had ridden forward with the intention of being gone hardly as many hours as the number of days that had elapsed.

On the morning of the third day a party of horsemen was observed approaching the camp from a considerable distance to the north. This party, on arriving in camp, turned out to consist of the corporal and four soldiers, with Jingo Josh.

Everything was in confusion. More than one strong

man shed tears under the stress of his emotions.

Terrible Bertie ran to Jingo Josh, and seized his hand. as had been his own sufferings he was inexpressibly shocked at the woeful change that had taken place in his young mistress. Of course neither he nor the soldiers knew anything of the return of Markham to the camp, and his subsequent departure, and he was at a loss to ac count for the causes which had changed her from the bright, vigorous, and buoyant girl he had left, into the pale, patient, sad-eyed, and silent specter of departed happiness which now met him.

It was a considerable time before mutual explanations were sufficiently interchanged to render every one acquainted with the true state of affairs, which may be

summed up as follows:

Jingo Josh and Sergeant Flynn, both of them unable to proceed farther in the desert, had been left by Markham, with the assurance that should he succeed in finding the train he would hasten back to their assistance. Neither, however, expected to see him again, as they believed they would die before succor could reach them, even should the

captain be successful in his quest.

Flynn was the weakest of any of the party, and Josh had received a snake-bite in the knee, which constitution had overcome, the swelling of the limb passing away, but leaving him exhausted, and partially delirious through pain and thirst. According to his own account, at about sunset of the same day upon which the captain had set out for the camp, he suddenly came to out of a sort of dream, and found himself in a strange part of the desert, and entirely alone. Not seeing Flynn, whom he last remembered to have seen lying and groaning at his side, and perceiving none of the landmarks he had observed before larsing into the dream, which now he seemed suddenly to emerge from, he concluded that he had wandered away in a fit of delirium, and at once set about retracing his steps, in order to find his companion, which, bowever, he was unable to do.

Thinking that his hour was come, and overcome altogether, he then lay down upon the sand and resigned himself to his fate.

He was aroused out of a stupor on the following day, and found himself surrounded by the corporal and four soldiers, who, while they rejoiced at finding him, and hastened to relieve his sufferings to the best of their abil-The corporal and the ity, were in trouble themselves. eight men who had accompanied him had lost their way, or rather wandered far from it, in their efforts to return to the camp.

On the morning following their departure therefrom, however, they had come upon a series of beautiful springs which made a delightful oasis in the sandy waste. this place, after giving their animals a run over the herbage, and making a much-needed meal on some rabbits and prairie hens which they managed to shoot, they set out in two parties, with the intention of seeking for the train in was all deception.

Markham and he had been suddenly attacked by a num- different directions, and bringing it over the desert to the

oasis they had discovered

The first party, under the corporal, had stumbled upon Jingo Josh, as we have seen. They found him lying in an insensible condition, and fortunately had a little water and brandy with which they revived him. He was then taken with them, each soldier in turn surrendering his horse to the poor fellow's use. His entreaties that they would go with him to search for the spot where he had left the sergeant, while under the influence of delirium, were listened to, and after nearly a day spent in fruitless wandering they, indeed, found the spot, which Josh was able to identify, but the sergeant was gone.

Their first impression was that Markham had been successful in obtaining assistance, had returned to the spot, and then brought his friend away probably after giving up all hope of ever finding Jingo Josh. But a closer examination of the spot showed the marks of so many horses' hoofs in the sand as to induce a subsequent inference that both Markham and Flynn had been fallen in with by the other party of soldiers—a conclusion that was strengthened by the discovery of a maitary button lying upon the sand-and that all of them together had set out

for the train. Judge, then, of the keenness of the disappointment which was mixed with the rejoicing of these wanderers at having found the camp once more. They expected to find their recent comrades, together with the captain and They expected to find sergeant, already restored to their friends; but instead this they found their brothers-in-arms still absent, the fate of Sergeant Flynn still wrapped in obscurity, and the death of Captain Markham fully assured by the evidence

of the peon who had accompanied him.

Probably no one felt this more deeply and bitterly than poor Jingo Josh. But when he heard that the disappearance of Brazos Bob took place almost simultaneously with Markham's departure from the camp he had no hesitation in declaring that the peon's story about the Indian attack was either a lie or the fruit of his disordered imagination, and that the real assassin of the captain could be none other than the missing bravo.

He was so open and unhesitating in his expression of this opinion, together with dark insinuations against Camargo, that many believed him, and the suspicions of Miss de Vaney and Mr. Bounce were aroused, if, indeed,

they had altogether slumbered before

Juan was, of course, loud and wrathful in his own behalf, while his secret hatred of the Black Scout, if intense before, was augmented tenfold; but it required all his boldness and address to make head against the general opinion, and retain his assumption of conscious innocence.

The corporal's opinion was that the four soldiers who had separated from him would not waste much time in fruitless attempts to find the camp; but, inasmuch as they were all brave and experienced frontiersmen, and well armed to boot, that they would more likely move northeasterly, and endeavor to reach Fort Defiance alone. this theory, at least, he thought it best to break camp and be on the move on the following day, and so it was decided.

CHAPTER XXII.

A TREACHEROUS SHOT.

A toilsome journey of thirty miles on the following day brought the train to the little oasis which the corporal and his men had already discovered.

Here they rested, with plenty of excellent grass and water, and the men were enabled to kill some game, which, poor as it was, helped to eke out their slender

stock of provisions.

During the night a fierce attack by the savages was repulsed, with great slaughter to the redskirs, whose arrows caused many wounds, but only two deaths-that of a teamster and Mrs. Hornett. The latter, when convinced that death was near, confessed to Bertie that sk had been in the pay of Juan Camargo, and had tried & poison Mr. Bounce by drugging his coffee. She cautionet Bertie to beware of her cousin, as his pretended friendship

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On the following day the bodies of the teamster and stray shot-evidently from Camargo's revolver, for no Mrs. Hornett were interred side by side, and then the plain. For three days the tiresome journey was continued, and then, when the whole party was about to drop from exhaustion; a placidly flowing stream was reached, and on the other side was seen a plain covered with verdure.

"Camargo fired that shot; I'd make my affidavit to it!" exclaimed the lawyer, while Bertie's cheek grew perfectly bloodless as she clutched his arm and gazed.

"No, no! there he is again!" she gasped. "Ha! even plain. For three days the tiresome journey was continqued, and then, when the whole party was about to drop

After cross' /g the stream, which was quite shallow, the treachery cannot destroy old Jingo Josh. wanderers st k gratefully upon the grassy bank on the

Rations of biscuit and jerked meat were given out sparingly, the animals were turned loose, to browse and wander at will, and the entire party slept.

Jesh was the first awake, and the first to arouse the sleepers.

He had been reconncitering, and brought the welcome cleared the backs of three buffaloes at a single leap, and intelligence that a herd of buffalo were in sight from an was out of danger. adjacent ridge.

Refreshed by rest and sleep, and filled with new life at the brightening prospect, the whole camp was speedily aroused.

But the corporal counseled that, considering the condid in the hunt at present.

You take this big bay mare, Josh," said he. "She as he pursued him.
It felt saddle or harness for forty-eight hours, and start he was torn
It felt saddle or harness for forty-eight hours, and instant he was torn

Josh hastened to throw a saddle on the mare, with a grin on his face, and his eyes already dancing with anticipative pleasure and excitement, for no amount of suffering can dampen the true hunter's ardor for the chase.

In a few minutes a party of four, including Juan, the corporal, one other, and Josh, had disappeared over the brow of an adjacent low ridge.

Every one in the camp was overjoyed at the prospect of obtaining a supply of fresh meat, and a number of the men went over to the ridge on foot to witness the chase.

"Well, my dear young lady," said Mr. Bounce to Bertie,

"doesn't it seem a dream, after all that we have gone through, to draw near our destination at last?"

"Our destination?" repeated Miss de Vaney, in surprise. "At least one of the points of our destination—I mean Fort Defiance," he explained.

"Yes, indeed, if we only were near it," she said, with a

"Why, the corporal assures me that we cannot be more "Ah! I knew it would be a wholesale surprise to "he added, with his cheery laugh. "But look over e! what can have got into those fellows on the ridge?"

"No, mistis, I ain't killed him yet," replied Josh. "I on'y shooked up his bones a bit. Dere he is now, gitting up out ob de sand; doesn't you see?" you," he added, with his cheery laugh. "But look over there! what can have got into those fellows on the ridge?

Sure enough the half dozen who had gone over to witness the sport came running back in great excitement.
"The herd! the herd!" they cried. "They are being

driven this way.

All of the men remaining in camp seized their rifles, and drew up across the mouth of the corral, to turn the course of the buffaloes should the camp lie in their route.

They were soon made aware of their coming by the thunder of innumerable hoofs, mingled now and then with the reports of guns, and the next instant the heaving, tumultuous herd appeared over the summit of the ridge, and came rolling down like an angry sea, with the hunters galloping and shouting in their rear.

The game swerved off sidewise, however, when they became aware of the solid front presented to them, and

crossed the stream a little farther up.

"Oh, it is noble! it is glorious!" cried Bertie, the old

bright light springing into her eyes, her pale cheek flushing, and her breast heaving with excitement.

Past suffering and present sorrow were alike for a

hent banished as the untamed spirit again danced in

Well shot, corporal! bravely brought to earth, my lit-Juan. Huzzah! But hold. See Josh! Oh, heavens, t was a dastard shot! Help! he will be killed!

Ier rejoicing was suddenly changed to a shriek by a

other was near him-struck his steed in the head. party took up their wearisome march across the sandy bay mare put her muzzle in the air, uttered a shrill scream, and then horse and rider went down out of sight

The rest of the spectators raised a shout of admiration. Josh suddenly came into view, bounding high up from the center of the herd, like a Jack-in-the-box. The next instant he was sitting astride of a great bull, hanging on by the mane, and forcing his way through the press.

The bull stumbled and threw him, and he was again about to be hemmed in on all sides, when he suddenly

Juan, apparently unaware of his comrade's position, or the danger through which he had passed, was about to continue the chase, but Josh was after him, with long,

oused.

But the corporal counseled that, considering the condin of the animals, only three or four of them should be yet there was mischief in the glittering eyes of the negro

But little time was left him for thought. The next instant he was torn from his saddle, Josh's hand was on

his throat, his mighty knee upon his chest.
"I seed you do it, an' dis ain't de fust time you'se 'tempted my life—villain, wretch, murderer!" roared the Black Scout. "Oh, cuss you! Why shouldn't I tear your black heart out ob your bres' jist now an' jist here?"

Juan did not beg for his life, for the simple reason that he was incapable of speech, and even almost deprived of life, with that know when his breast that here was incapable of speech.

life, with that knee upon his breast, that hand upon his

"Oh, you 'fernal little villain! I only spare you bekase doesn't want to cheat the gallers!" continued Josh, hoarsely, and fairly foaming at the mouth. "De cuss ob Heaben on you, you mean-souled cur! Take dat, an' pick yourself up ag'in !"

He raised him high in the air and hurled him from him,

and then strode moodily into the camp.

"Oh, Josh!" exclaimed Miss de Vaney, clasping her hands, "you have not killed him? Wretch that he is, I hope you have not killed him!"

After what the reader has already seen of his character They are running this way as though the gentleman in black was after them."

After what the redder has already seen of his character in this story he will not be likely to be surprised at any fresh exhibition of that impudence which is competitive. fresh exhibition of that impudence which is sometimes denominated "cheek" on the part of Juan Camargo.

Although shaken up much more by the handling he had received than he was willing to confess Juan recovered his horse and rode into camp full of righteous indignation and breathing vengeance against Josh. But he encountered nothing but cold, hard looks on every hand.

"Do you mean to say that you did not shoot Josh's horse?" asked Mr. Bounce.
"Shoot his horse? I didn't know before that his horse was shot. He disappeared, and then the first thing I knew he dragged me from the saddle.'

"His horse, nevertheless, was killed, and by a shot from

your pistol. I saw the deed."

"Then it was a random shot. But I see you are all against me, and I won't undertake a defense against such a preposterous charge. I can wait for my revenge. never yet waited long for it after being insulted by a nigger."

I kin afford to wait, too, Massa Camargo," said Josh. "De gallers am de best t'ing fur sich murderers as you is."

CHAPTER XXIII.

SUNSHINE AT LAST.

As may be supposed, Juan Camargo kept his own comortune which all at once seemed to overtake Jingo pany pretty constantly after the events narrated in the He was in the midst of the bellowing herd when a last chapter. He was probably aware that it was his rela-

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tionship with Miss de Vaney alone which saved him from pretty rough treatment. Not doubting for an instant that his chief enemy, his rival, was out of the way, he still trusted to his genius for the shaping of the future.

The train halted two days at their camping-ground,

feasting heartily, and jerking large quantities of the buffalo-meat, and then continued upon their journey.

At the end of the second day they were overjoyed at coming upon a little Mexican village in the mountains, which now began to rise before them in every direction.

Nearly two months had passed away since any of the party had seen a human habitation, and though the village was nothing more than a meager collection of wretched "I will go and see," said the major. "But per adobe huts, and the inhabitants were steeped to the eyes in ignorance and squalor, they hailed it with delight.

From some of its people they learned that they were now in the Territory of New Mexico, and that Fort Defi-

ance was but forty-five miles distant.

At noon of the second day after this they entered the little village adjacent to the fort, and inhabited by a mot-ley population of Mexicans, Indians, half-breeds, and adventurers, who looked upon the caravan, or what was left of it, with wonder and pity.

But the news of their arrival had gone before them. they were drawn up in the plaza of the village-every Mexican town, however insignificant, boasts a plaza and a Bob, was hiding close by, and saw it all. church-a young officer came dashing into it on a fine

"Is this Miss de Vaney's train?" he asked, addressing shoulder, and gave a low moan. the corporal.

The latter saluted, and gave an affirmative answer. "The-the lady is in good health, I trust?" queried the

officer, with some hesitation.

She is here to answer for herself, sir," said Bertie, stepping from the shade of a wagon, where she had been sitting, with the good old lawyer at her side.

We feared, you know, that maybe you hadn't been able to more, and can we not, out of the fullness of our joy-brimstand the journey," stammered the young fellow, greatly ming hearts, afford to forgive—ay, forgive even him?" stand the journey," stammered the young fellow, greatly embarrassed and greatly pleased at the same time. "But y u must all come up to the fort right away. The rest of

your party got here two days ago."

'The-rest-of-the-party "Certainly; Captain Markham, though I believe we must call him 'major' now, Sergeant Flynn; and—heavens! look to the lady, sir. She's about to faint!"

Mr. Bounce caught Miss de Vaney as she staggered back, with her hand convulsively pressed to her heart. But she recovered herself partially, and only leaned more heavily upon his arm.

"Markham! Markham!" she at length found strength to gasp through her bloodless lips. "Do you mean to say he

is alive, sir?

"Alive? To be sure he is, and freshening up vastly, though, like enough, you've all thought him to be dead," cried the young fellow, cheerily. "You see, when he went to the assistance of his comrade, the sergeant, he was waylaid and shot at, but his mule was killed instead of him. When he came to from the fall he continued his way on foot, leading the pack-mule, found the sergeant, fellow there must be the Jingo Josh the captain talks so much of. He'll be glad to know that you're alive and well, my boy. But come to the fort at once, Miss de If Markham knew of your arrival he would be here ere this.

Mr. Bounce led Miss de Vaney back to her wagon, and

the train was once more put in motion.

But there was one who, instead of accompanying it, stole among the squalid huts, like a shadow, and a prey to all the torments that ever beset a baffled, ruined, and guilty

Need it be said that it was the evil genius of our story,

Juan Camargo.

He still had a horse, still had money. He slunk away into the mountains, in the hope that he might find some hunter's lodge, or miner's cabin, or some dark and dismal retreat wherein he might brood and think for a while, and look upon the future, which now arose before him in all its hopelessness and desolation.

He found such a retreat, and therein we will leave him for the present.

It is best to pass over the details of the reunion of the lovers, so long and so terribly tried by adverse fortune,

and so happily reunited at last.

On the day following their reunion they were sitting in pleasant little room connected with the quarters which had been set apart for the accommodation of Miss de Vaney, the major, her lover (we shall hereafter give him his full title, so bravely earned), and Mr. Bounce, when

"But perhaps Mr. Bounce can tell us the cause of the disturbance," he added, as that gentleman entered the room considerably excited.

"There's a mob going to hang a fellow down in the vilating of the exclaimed. "Who do you suppose it is?"

I could never guess."

"Brazos Bob-sure as a gun!" cried Mr. Bounce, as they started up in surprise. "And he's made a confession. He confesses, major, that it was he that shot at you, thinking he had killed you instead of your mule, and that Camargorrett. gave him five hundred dollars to do the job. He also say that his master stabbed the little Anita, and threw her body in the Colorado, with a stone tied to her neck. He

"Merciful Heaven! can the earth hold such a monsterad exclaimed Markham, while Bertie hid her face upon Ind

But what has become of Juan?" said the major, after

a pause.

No one knows; he must have slipped away from the train upon hearing of your safety. Search will be made for him in every direction to-day, depend upon it."

"Oh, Jasper, let the unhappy guilty man go on his ting, with the good old lawyer at her side.
"Oh, excuse me! I am so glad, by Jove! Is it possible? way," said Bertie, putting her arms about his neck, and raising her tearful eyes to his. "He will not molest us

Markham bit his lip.

"Have we a right to forgive, or even forget, the murder of the poor girl Anita?

Bertie hung her head, and was silent, while Mr. Bounce

struck in.

"By my life, my dear young turtle-doves," said he, isn't a question whether you forgive or not. The rude people in this vicinity are accustomed to think for themselves in such matters, and I would not give a row of pins for the rascal's life should he fall into their hands. he is a cool card, and may give them the slip yet.

Juan had on the preceding day found a savage and morose old hunter, living in a wretched lodge in the very heart of the mountains, a few miles from the fort, where, by the distribution of some gold pieces, he had found the

temporary shelter he sought.

According to his own confession, perhaps boast, this hermit-hunter had himself lived a life of crime in other lands, while a cloud of suspicion rested over him in this remote region; but he was permitted to abide here unmolested, and, indeed, few persons knew of the whereabouts and they were both picked up by a party of four soldiers of his cabin. Learning this much, Juan, in his despera-who had been separated from their comrades. Hallo! that tice, displayed his money, and asked for shelter.

"Remain with me; they will not seek for you here,"

said the old man. And Juan had remained.

CHAPTER XXIV.

JUAN'S LAST CRIME.

Juan passed the night in the hermit's lodge in wretched unrest upon a pallet of dry leaves.

He lay down with his clothes on, and with his weapons close at hand. At last, toward morning, he sank into feverish slumber, from which he was awakened, lotat after daylight, by the proprietor of the lodge shaking him roughly by the shoulder.

"Come, git up, stranger; I've a rasher of bacon and some venison for you," said the Bald Eagle, as the hermit was called, in a low, rasping voice, which was in keeping

with his general appearance.

in truth, ravenously hungry.

I was down in the gorge while you were asleep, But he had barely commenced to descend the path beanger," said the hermit, while Juan was doing justice fore a stern voice called upon him to halt, and a dozen the victuals, "an' I met a half-breed from the village horsemen suddenly drew up across his way.

He read their nursose in their figree, rugged faces, and the fort.

"Well, what's the news?" said Juan, concealing his agitation with an extra slice of bacon.

Stranger, they're looking fur you already.'

"I thought they would be; it's natural.

"They've captured a cuss who has made a confession about you, stranger.

"His name?" asked Juan, still, by a great effort, keep-

ing up his air of indifference.

Brazos Bob.

The knife and fork dropped from Camargo's hands, and

d

. in

his face grew livid.

"This cuss," continued the other, coolly, "says you guv side, his horse carrying him as it changes to follow him.

"This cuss," continued the other, coolly, "says you guv side, his horse carrying him as it changes to follow him.

But they emptied their pistols and rifles after him. at he likewise says he hid in the chaparral, out on the olorado, an' saw you knife a little gal, an' then sink her ody in the water. Stranger, is that true?"
"What the duse is it to you?" exclaimed the young man,

illed with a sudden dread at the tone the man was taking Perhaps it's more to me than you think," said the Bald le, quietly, and with a sharp glitter in his eyes.

anger, you're in a cursed bad box."
What do you mean? I virtually told you as much as now know last night, and you promised to protect me

I paid you for it.

ain, if I could do so without bringing public 'pinion on me at the same time. But you see, stranger, my won't hear much 'vestigation. I can't afford it.

Juan at once saw that his host meant treachery; but did

not let him see that he thought so.

"What do you mean to do?" said he, moodily.

"Stranger," said the Bald Eagle, with a covetous chuckle, "you've got lot's of gold in them saddle-bags of Mr. B

"Yes, a few hundred-all I have in the world," was the

hopeless reply

Tell you what, stranger," said the Bald Eagle, resting his elbows on the table and his chin on his hands, "give me the gold, an' I'll let you run, an' won't put no one on your trail. I'll let you keep your horse.'

"What! and you will swear that no one shall know that I stopped here?" cried Camargo, apparently catching at

the offer, with trembling eagerness.

"Sartain.

"It's a bargain. There's the key to the saddle-bags lying in the corner. Curse the money! I'll be out of this as soon as my horse will take me.

He tossed a small key upon the table as he spoke, and egan to adjust his clothes for travel with nervous haste,

apparently half overcome with fear.

The old man seized the key, and turning went upon his nees, and bent over the saddle-bags, chuckling with delight.

desperate reach for his rifle, but Juan stabbed him again and again, till he sank lifeless at his feet.

we have than fly to others we know not of."

The cup of our heroine's happiness seems full at last. and again, till he sank lifeless at his feet.

"So," said he, grimly, wiping his dagger and returning it to his sash, "it's now a game of life or death. Let us see who will win."

He locked the door of the cabin behind him, threw away the key, placed his effects on his horse, and rode away

fort, and then wound away to the north-east.

At one point he was enabled to overlook both the fort and the village, and a singular spectacle in the one street of the latter caused him to draw rein and look.

There was a noisy mob in the village, and they were about to hang a man who stood under a tree with the noose already about his neck, and a dozen men at the other end of the rope, which was thrown over an overhanging bough.

Juan produced his field-glass and watched the crowd

Poor Bob! the jig's up with him at last," he at length Log Cabin Library.

concealed his disgust, and hastily arose, for he muttered, as he put away the glass and prepared to push

He read their purpose in their fierce, rugged faces, and

also caught a glimpse of Jingo Josh among them.
"What do you want with me?" he asked, defiantly.
"Mr. Camargo," said the first speaker, "your crimes are

known. You must surrender yourself to us."
"I'll see you in perdition first!" cried Juan. "This for

one of you, at least."

He drew his revolver, aimed at Josh, and fired. Josh escaped, but the man at his right hand fell dead from his

Then, with a shout of defiance, Juan wheeled his horse, and fled, not in the path, but straight up the mountain-"says you guv side, his horse carrying him as if endowed with super-

But they emptied their pistols and rifles after him.

Horse and rider fell prone upon the side of the steep, then a lifeless and mangled form rolled down the rocks at the feet of the avengers, and Juan Camargo was no more.

CHAPTER XXV.

CONCLUSION.

Miss de Vaney and Major Jasper Markham, both being, naturally enough, deeply imbued with the truth of the aphorism that hope deferred maketh the heart sick, were married at Fort Defiance by the army chaplain of that

The wedding was the most brilliant affair of the kind that had ever taken place in that region, and is still referred to by officers and soldiers, hunters, trappers, Indians, and other hangers on of the post, with pride and

Mr. Bounce, the cheerful and noble little lawyer, had the honor of giving the bride away. The officers and their wives danced at the wedding till daylight. It was also a gala time in the adobe village for twenty-four hours thereafter; our friend and hero, Jingo Josh, being principally responsible for the prevailing hilarity. He made his old banjo talk in a way it had never talked before, and celebrated half the incidents in his wonderful life in expressive song.

Mr. and Mrs. Markham now reside on one of their plantations near Baton Rouge, on the Mississippi. Josh is the life of the plantation, and the oracle of the county in everything pertaining to far-West adventure and sport,

and is, of course, permitted to do as he pleases.

Mr. Bounce is a frequent and always welcome visitor at "Colorado Villa," as the place has been named.

Markham resigned his commission in the army soon after completing the settlement of his wife's business affairs, and is now a contented, prosperous, and supremely happy man, honored and respected by all who know him. His friends wished him to be a candidate for Congress, but The next instant camargo's poniard was plunged into he wisely declined, saying, with a smile, as he turned to his back. He screamed, staggered to his feet, and made a his beautiful wife, that it was "better to endure the ills

Two lovely children have blessed her married life, and her husband is all she ever dreamed him to be. But sometimes when she sees the planters going up toward the bayou, with their guns on their shoulders and their hounds at their heels, her eyes sparkle with the old restless light, The only path there was crossed the foot-hills near the and she will probably never forget the old wild days when she was the Queen of the Canons.

[THE END.]

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